THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 26, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE.

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FRANCE—(*continued*).

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GERMANY—(*continued*).

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THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton St., Bond St., LONDON, W.1

The Bystander, July 26, 1933

No. 1545. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

BETTY STOCKFIELD

A new portrait of the lovely English star, whose latest film, "Lord of the Manor," is almost due for showing. She appears with Fred Kerr, whose last film it is. Betty Stockfield was born in Australia, but has been doing stage and screen work in England since 1924, when she made her début in "London Calling." She has just left for Paris to star in the French talkie, "L'Abbé Constantin," directed by Paulin. Her part was originally created by Cécile Sorel, at the Comédie Française

WHAT'S • ADO

A Polo Match

Watching the Social Club's Cup Final at Hurlingham: Mrs. H. C. Walford, whose husband was playing for the Cavalry Club, which beat Buck's Club, and Lady Arthur Butler

Swaebe

A Supper Party

Mr. Hugo Brassey and Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart are this week's "late night final" special selection; the locale is Coventry Street, as usual

S. E. K. Richardson

Right: Lord Long of Wraxall and Miss Laura Charteris, the Hon. Guy Charteris's younger daughter, announced their engagement about ten days ago. Lord Long, who is twenty-two, is in the Coldstream Guards; his fiancée is eighteen. Her sister married Lord O'Neill last year

"THE end of the season is rapidly approaching." By this charming cliché may you learn that a few people have packed up their bags and bits of trouble, and gone to Bognor or Brighton—the latter so handy for Goodwood, only thirty-eight miles away, on a nice, twisty coast-road.

Social

Last week's high spot must be the **Garden Party** at Buckingham Palace on Thursday. Ramon Navarro at the Palladium nearly dead-heated with it. Gushing gallery-girls whimpered with joy like hounds at a meet—did the fox always escape? Wednesday was a cheery afternoon for those who spent it with **Mrs. Baldwin** in Downing Street—all the fun of the fair, hostess's hat not deviated a whit from customary pattern. The World Economic Conference is still on—it features lower in the list each week. Hope to present it higher soon, now that business side is dispensed with and pleasure its main pursuit. Attended Philbeach Hall, Earl's Court, for one of the season's gayest events—the Kensington Kitten Club Show. Was asked for speech: regret left in taxi, but pacified organisers by reporting nasty little boy to R.S.P.C.A. for pulling the exhibits' tails.

Marriages

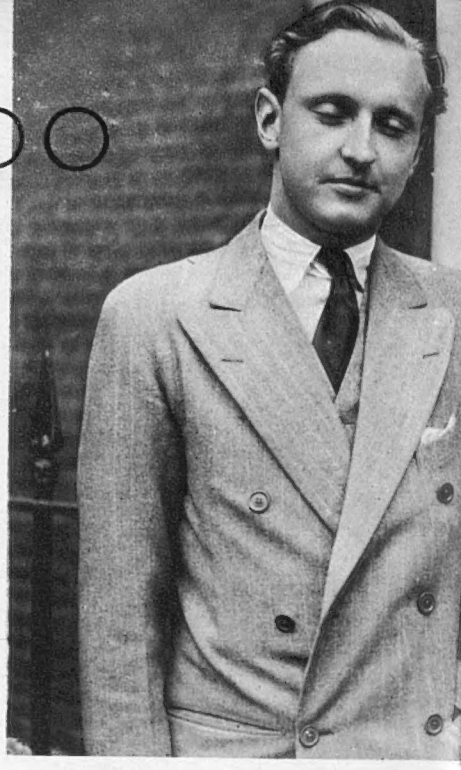
Let us now comment on last week's numerous devotees to Hymen.

Captain "Teddy" Brook and **Miss Molly Gretton**, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Very "county and hunting," Nice solid wealth abundant on both sides of the aisle. Lord William Scott a perfect usher, though much missing his inevitable drooping cigarette. Lady Broughton pretty, as always: noticed very little talking during the ceremony. Remembered another recent wedding there.

Mr. Philip Dunn and **Lady Mary Erskine** drew all Mayfair to Sunderland House. Some had missed ceremony at the Oratory. Mrs. Edward Wills and Miss Celia Palmer attended wrong church. It showed the spirit was willing. Lord Rosslyn should add codicil to his memoirs on such a great event. Much sympathy for the bride (on account of her poisoned finger—for no other cause). Bridal couple forced to remain in London so that the finger could be dressed daily.

A Wedding

Left: Mrs. Brinsley Plunket and her daughter, Nealia, at the Guinness-Channon wedding. Nealia Plunket was one of her cousin's, Lady Honor Guinness's, two child bridesmaids



An Engagement: Viscount Long

All were glad to see bridegroom's sister, Mrs. Antony Jenkinson, so well recovered in health.

Mr. John Benson and **Miss Beryl Quilter.** Lord Charnwood's son answers the question put in his sister Theodora's book, *Which Way?* Bridesmaids were mostly Quilters: the bride's father, "P. Q.", a very popular member of the Stock Exchange, uncle Sir Cuthbert, one of the finest shots in the country.

Charity Balls

This season has been fast waning: recent signs of future activity are recorded of Lady Anne Rhys holding a committee meeting for the Georgian Ball, to be held in *November*—what a month!

Parties

A red-letter week of parties: hordes of people nightly wore organdie, tulle, chiffon, print, or gingham, and "looked very attractive." Scores looked "amusingly simple, wearing only an enormous tiara, six ropes of pearls, with a gown of the richest and loveliest fabric."

No week is complete without the mention of a Guinness. So **Mrs. Loel Guinness** and **Mrs. Drogo Montague** entertained in Carlton House Terrace—nobody quite sure whether in Mr. "Benjie" Guinness's house or theirs, for they adjoin. Prince George and Princess Ingrid danced happily throughout the evening. Fashionable evidently, for recent brides to appear. Lady Honor Channon was there.

Mrs. Redmond McGrath should be put in charge of catering departments on all railway stations. Food and weather at her party in Grove End Road both excellent. "Lovely marrieds" included Lady Jardine, Lady Warrender, Lady Castlerosse, Marquise de Portago. "Interesting couples" were Lord and Lady Lloyd, Baron and Baroness Cederstrom. "Lovely girls" were Miss Lisa

• ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Tabloid Social Diary of the Week

Vraxall and Miss Laura Charteris

Maugham, Miss Priscilla Weigall, Mlle. Sylvia de Oliveira. "Disgruntled uglies"—were excluded from this party.

Entertainments

At Londonderry House and Wimborne House. The heavy social guns boomed with dignity. Old-world courtliness the feature of both hosts. Select attendance at both parties. Many Mayfairers not invited to either.

Lady Weigall, at Englemere, Ascot, held the great country dance of the season on Friday. Rather corresponded to the Whigham one two years ago, when a similar nocturnal exodus took place—Chinese lanterns, and fun in the garden.

Musicale

Mrs. Claude Beddington gave the serious-minded some chamber music at Arkwright Lodge. Not a juvenile party—Joan Buckmaster the only one for such classification. A young man was *eating* when the music began: hostess sternly reproved him. Told Francis Toye how much I enjoyed the Mozart suite. "Very good, my dear boy, very good; but, of course, I heard it in Salzburg," was his reply.

Mrs. Washington Singer's soirée in Charles Street. On the balcony was the coolest spot. Sybil Crawley's singing excellent. Not her fault that two taxis provided crashing obligato to Strauss' "Morgen": hardly the song to pick for an interruption. Lady Noreen Bass vigorously applauded hostess's singing, especially to harp accompaniment. Welcome diversion from ordinary round of parties and concerts.

Cocktails

Heston gave a cocktail-party aërien. Directors Nigel Norman, Alan Muntz, and R. P. Denman provided aeroplane-rides for the feebler-minded, and flying lessons for the stronger-minded: was, of course, in latter class. "Instructor" Baker, the star turn. Four members of the Londonderry family, the Lindsay Everards, Major J. R. Aird, were at this gathering.

Mrs. Scott-Callingham entertained all Mayfair in Chester Square: propose print list of "all Mayfair" very soon.

Sporting Events

Surely the week's big event must be the great **Culbertson** contest, for Selfridge's, honours, and over-calling. Mrs. Culbertson's clothes, Mr. Culbertson's quips and tantrums caused as much speculation as the result of the match. Colonel "Pops" Beasley (trust a Colonel for a leader), Sir Guy Domville, Miss Jeanne Stourton, upheld the honour of the country, Crockfords and Selfridge's. Understand Bertram Mills wants to take lessons from Culbertson—feels doubtful of his own showmanship.

Gentlemen and Players had their annual hob-nob at Lord's. Result always the same—win for the latter, or drawn in their favour. "Father" Marriott still one of England's best bowlers, and worst bats: grins amiably, whether taking wickets or making ducks.

Country House cricket is in full swing at the Hubert Martineaus', at Holyport. Three weeks' solid cricket against teams like the Navy, Free Foresters, Devon Dumplings, Quails, Googlies, a full house-party, visits to the Hungarian at Maidenhead, bridge lessons (if she would give them) from the hostess, for she 's an expert, that 's the way to have a holiday, with "chief Water-Martin" Hubert Martineau in command of his "little Martins."

Theatres

Scarcely any, except some "Parlazz' Italiano" at the Little Theatre, with Petrolini talking his own language.

NEXT WEEK

Goodwood

If fine—glorious.

If wet—Scotch mists, bad tempers, heavy going, losers, long lunches, longer bar-visits.

Polo

Cowdray, and all the Finals. Next week best people should be yachting, so no polo.

Parties

Mr. Selfridge, for Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson, on Tuesday in Carlton House Terrace.

MR. PEEPS.

Another Wedding

Lady Dufferin and Ava, Mrs. Antony Jenkinson, and her son, Robin, at the Dunn-St. Clair-Erskine wedding. Mrs. Jenkinson is Mr. Philip Dunn's sister; Robin Jenkinson was one of Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine's pages

And a Garden Party

Lady Bridget Poulett and Lady Flavia Gifford photographed at 11, Downing Street, where Mrs. Baldwin ran a garden party and fun fair in connection with the National Birthday Trust Fund last week

• PERSONALITIES

Mrs. [redacted] Redmond MacGrath

"Very good-looking, with a flair for chic"

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis

"Is a keen yachtsman"

Miss Pamela Nicholl

"She had a phase for eccentric clothes"

Sir Percy Loraine

"He has an interesting head"

• **MRS. REDMOND MACGRATH,** who gave a really good party last week, is one of the best-dressed women in London. She has original taste, and chooses her things to suit her personality. She is often spoken of as a beautiful woman, but in reality she is very good-looking with a flair for chic. Her finest quality is, perhaps, her courage, and she never hesitates to express her opinion, whatever its effect upon her listeners. She makes a loyal friend, and she will fight "tooth and nail" for those she is fond of, but she is an unpleasant enemy. Extremely interested in people, she collects everyone worth knowing, and mixes them indiscriminately, with entire success. Her second husband is clever, rich, and popular; she has four children by her first.

• **SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS,** who, among other sportsmen, has helped to plan the construction of the new wharf at Cannes, is a keen yachtsman. He is reserved, rather solid-looking, and, while he may be found very frequently in gay places, he appears unmoved by his surroundings. He is a difficult person to get to know well, although he is interesting to talk to on entirely impersonal subjects. He seems to take a faintly amused interest in Society and its doings, and prefers bachelor parties for all manly sports. He spends a good deal of time abroad, where he has varied interests. He likes shooting, the sea, dancing, has had two wives and no heir.

• **MISS PAMELA NICHOLL,** who, with a friend, was at home to cocktails last week, is pretty, nice, and noticeable without being extreme. She had a phase, soon after her début, for eccentric clothes—trains, orange spots, and leopard skin—but this has passed, and she is now invariably well turned-out. She has very charming manners, and enjoys life enormously. Everyone wants her "on a party," because she takes the trouble to be pleasant, entertaining, and enthusiastic. She has an eager way of talking and a quick smile which is most attractive. Unlike some of her contemporaries, she is neither spiteful nor envious. She has a good complexion and honest eyes.

Lady Inverclyde

"When she is acting she lights up"

• **SIR PERCY LORAINE,** High Commissioner of Egypt, is at present in England, and has been staying with his wife's relations. He has bright-blue eyes, and an interesting head, which has just recently been skilfully portrayed in bronze by Felix Weiss. He is ambitious, intensely interested in his "job," and far more "far-seeing" than his critics think or are allowed to discover. He has tact and diplomacy hidden behind a rather naive and charming boastfulness, which is entirely justified. He believes in himself, and relies on his own judgment. He is slightly intolerant of fools and credits those he likes with more wisdom than they possess. He will suddenly cease talking and relapse into a reverie, which is known as "his two-minutes' silence" by those around him. He appears very alive while he is talking, as he never speaks without an interest in what he is saying. He has a good-looking wife, a beautiful sister-in-law, and a distinguished appearance.

• **LADY INVERCLYDE,** who has unsuccessfully applied for interim alimony of £1000 a year, is a quiet person to meet. Off the stage she has a neat, unobtrusive appearance, a sweet smile, a gentle voice, and a tiny laugh. When she is acting, she "lights up," as she enters into her part, and becomes beautiful. She has no very clear idea of what she wants of life; she expects loveliness, and is disappointed if anything falls short of her own standard. She finds it difficult to be emotional in friendship. She is calm in emergency, and can be very determined. She is letting her hair grow from platinum to its natural colour. She has many fans, an attractive way of listening, a flat, and (at present) £14 a week.

PETER PEPPER

Wedding Bells

At St. Margaret's, St. Peter's, and the Oratory

Right: the Hon. John Benson, the only surviving son of Lord and Lady Charnwood, and Miss Beryl Quilter, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quilter's elder daughter, and a niece of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding, which took place there last Wednesday

Below: Mr. Philip Dunn and Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn's daughter, were also married last Wednesday, at the Brompton Oratory. The bridegroom is the only son of Sir James Dunn, and Gertrude, Lady Dunn

The Hon. John Benson and Miss Beryl Quilter

Mr. Philip Dunn and Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine

Right: yet another wedding last Wednesday was that of Captain E. W. Brook, of Kinmount, Annan, and Miss Mollie Gretton, the younger daughter of Colonel John Gretton, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, and a niece of Lord Ventry, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom Captain Brook is Extra Equerry, was best man

Captain E. W. Brook and Miss Mollie Gretton

Mr. Henry Illingworth and Miss Dawn Gold

Mr. Henry Illingworth, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth, and Miss Dawn Gold, chose Tuesday last week for their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Dawn Gold, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold, had eight bridesmaids, who wore ice-blue dresses, with white wreaths and bouquets

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Grand National Riders v. Bumpers at Hurlingham

The Grand National Riders drew their match with the Bumpers at four goals all. On the left are the two teams : (l. to r.), the Hon. John Pearson, Mr. J. W. Phillips, Lord Somerton (rode Guiding Light, 1933), and Mr. Massey Lopes, the Bumpers' team, and Mr. W. H. Whitbread (rode Ben Cruchan, 1925-6), Mr. M. D. Blair (rode Jack Horner, 1925), Mr. Ted Leader (won on Sprig, 1927), and Captain Otho Prior-Palmer (rode Master Orange, 1933), the Grand National Riders

My new cure for insomnia is to count the cars leaving the Members' car park at Sandown by that one bogus little gate which leads into a still more bogus little lane, which eventually gets you into the main road.

Despite two counter-attractions, in the shape of a Society wedding and the spectacle of twenty-two schoolboys playing slower cricket than professionals, at Lord's, there seemed a record crowd to watch the Eclipse, while even more people were present the following day to watch Colombo prove himself as good a two-year-old as we 've seen for years.

Like the true sportsmen we are, we cheered the winner enthusiastically. How we *do* love a good horse—when we 've backed it.

Friday was a very sad day for most of us, and she who gets cross when I lose would have been quite justified if she had indulged in a little plain speaking. Fortunately, however, she found two more worthy objects for her displeasure, in Captain Allison, who left the whole field, bar Mop End, in the Surbiton Handicap, and a policeman, who made the difficult job of getting away even more difficult still.

Until this year, Michael Beary was a good enough rider to be allowed to ride Firdaussi, but now it is thought that this big, strong horse is rather too much for him, and so they sent all the way to Paris for Charlie Elliott, which, I think, was very decent of them.

I never cease to wonder at the amount of loving kindness we find on our race-courses, and this particular instance is just a typical one of the thousand friendly actions which are performed every day.

I can imagine the Ali going to his Dad and saying : " I really think it 's hardly safe to let our little Michael ride such a big, fierce horse as Firdaussi. Frank Butters would never forgive himself if anything happened to the little chap."

Firdaussi, however, was determined to prove that he was not the headstrong animal they had made him out to be, and that it would be *quite* safe to let little Michael ride him again without a leading rein, and when the rest of the field went off at a gallop, Firdaussi cantered along slowly behind them.

The race was won by Loaningdale, who was the picture of a well-trained horse, and was the best walking advertisement for Cecil Boyd-Rochfort I have ever seen. Soldiering and politics have claimed most of Sir Guy Wilson's time, and he only became a racehorse owner through the will of his late mother, Lady Nunburnholme, who left him Loaningdale. I can think of few things I should prefer to be left rather than Loaningdale, except, perhaps, Colombo, who is a potential classic winner if ever I saw one.

On Friday at Sandown, in company with many a bigger and better man than I am, I had a bad day. On the morning after a bad day I wake up, as a rule, in a morose frame of mind ; but not so on this occasion, because I had a feeling—which, at my time of life is remarkable—and the feeling concerned Gordon Richards. " Gordon will put things right," I said, as I grasped the bottle which makes Mr. Can't into Mr. Can. " Gordon will put things right," I sang, as I splashed about in my cold bath.

And did the little man let me down ? I 'll say he didn't. Four off the reel, and Uncle Regular off the rocks. Once again, " Thank you, Gordon."

The great question of the day was " Are you Colombo-ing or not ? ", and the answer was almost invariably in the affirmative. In fact, if Colombo hadn't obliged, the books would have had to take comfort from the fact that patience is a virtue.

There is always a difference of opinion as to the best place to watch the five-furlong races on this course, and I have heard various points of vantage advocated. By far the most original, however, was Lord Milton's stand in the bar, with " Boy " Wilson posted outside with instructions not to return if Colombo got beaten.

This week we go to Goodwood, and although you will be there before this article appears in print, a few well-chosen words as to what you must do and when, will, I feel sure, be of service to you.

In the first place, you must go away and stay for Goodwood. Society will forgive you most things these days, but anyone who admits having done the meeting from London is OUT, and will never get back. I hasten to add that it doesn't matter two hoots how far away from Goodwood your host lives. Anywhere on the Sussex side of Clapham Junction is quite O.K.

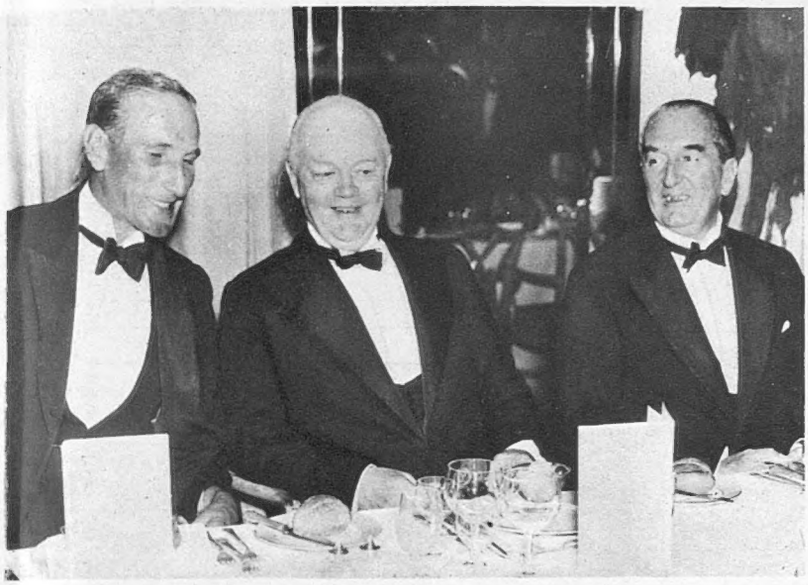
At Sandown for the Eclipse Stakes : Lieut.-Colonel Giles Loder, whose Foxbridge ran third in the big race, which was won by Loaningdale, and the Marquess of Crewe

At Castle Regular we are entertaining. I have requested my guests to bring their largest and most powerful cars, and I advise all you to do the same. Nothing makes you look hotter and more uncomfortable than pushing your own inadequate vehicle up the miniature Everest which leads to the course. Again, it is preferable to invite only those who belong to a club which has a tent there, or who have long-suffering friends with a private luncheon-room. In this way, you can get quite a lot of free food ; it is essential to make your guests pay their way.

The Stewards' Cup will, of course, be won by either Zanoff or Spirituelle II., but if either give the races a miss, never leave them out when they do run.

The Sport Folio

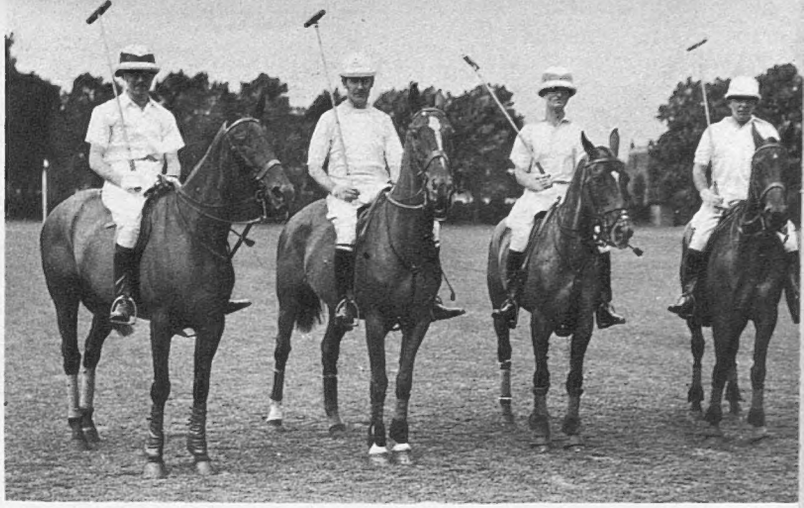
Activities on the Field and Speeches at the Dinner-Table



D. R. Jardine, Viscount Hailsham, and the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, M.C., resident Minister for Australia, at the dinner given at the Dorchester to the M.C.C. Australasian team, 1932-3. A non-controversial policy was adopted by the earlier speakers, but Mr. Bruce was not deterred by this from speaking his mind. One of the best speeches of the evening was made by Herbert Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire professional

Poole, Dublin

The Hon. Antoinette Preston



The Battle of the Social Clubs

The Cavalry Club Team, N. Dugdale, Sir Harold Wernher, Captain H. C. Walford, and J. P. Robinson, winners of the Social Club's Polo Cup Final at Hurlingham, when they defeated Buck's Club, the runners-up

Below, left: the Hon. Antoinette Preston, who partnered her brother, Viscount Gormanston, premier Viscount of Ireland, at a lawn tennis party which was held at Gormanston, Co. Meath

Tennis at Brockenhurst

Right: Miss K. Hanbury, Vivian McGrath, the Australian Davis Cup player, and Miss V. Manzutto. Below, right: Miss Elizabeth Walker Miss P. Bushman, and Miss Marie Carr, competitors at the New Forest Lawn Tennis Club's Open Tournament, one of the most popular of the season's many meetings. More photographs next week

Dancing—Ten till Three

Sir Robert and Lady Bird Entertain for their Daughter

Above: Mr. Tony Frogley, Miss R. Talbot, Miss Corisande Walker, and Mr. Reginald Cooke found a seat big enough for four to sit out on

Left: Miss Peta Davis, Mr. Tony Stocker, Miss Primrose Salt, and Mr. Patrick Friend were photographed while they were walking out in the cool night air

The Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, who was hostess at a dinner-party before the dance, and Miss Mary Ridgley-Carter

Photographs by Swaebe

A group which includes Miss Pamela Bird, Sir Robert and Lady Bird's only daughter, for whom the dance was given, and Miss Janet Jardine, Miss Rosamund Gurney, Mr. Barrington Browne, Mr. George Pinney, Mr. Kenneth Younger

Left: Miss Sancha Whitworth, whose mother, Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, was another hostess who gave a dinner-party for the dance, sitting out with the Hon. Henry Cecil

Mr. Toby O'Brien, and Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore photographed on the stairs at the Birds' house, in Eaton Place, where the dance was given

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

The Marquess of Hartington, M.P. for West Derby, releasing pigeons in Palace Yard, Westminster, on behalf of the High Peak Division. With him are his two sons, the Earl of Burlington and Lord Andrew Cavendish

Below : Lord Craigavon and Lord and Lady Castlereagh at the garden party given by the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland and Lady Craigavon at Stormont, in honour of the Lord Mayor of London's visit to Ulster

Pigeons in Parliament

An Occasion at Ulster

Two more days and we are off for three months' holiday. I think we are all ready to go, but at least some of us survey the prospect of three months' absence from Westminster with mixed feelings. Mr. MacDonald has never disguised the fact that he thinks the House of Commons is a hindrance to a great man at work, and that he can get down to it only when we aren't sitting. I wonder if the fault lies with Parliament, or if the fact that criticism isn't so vocal in the recess has anything to do with it ?

Now Mr. Baldwin is a House of Commons man, and I suppose the majority of the Conservative members of the Cabinet still regard Parliament as the mainstay of the Constitution. If, though, they have thought about it at all, apart from their own convenience, surely they don't justify this lengthy vacation ? What does the country think about it ? Or is Number Ten the only place that matters nowadays ?

THERE is nothing to be done about it, anyway. Members have been talking about their holidays, and little else, for the past weeks. Now they can enjoy them. The agricultural brigade are off to their gymkhanas, the die-hards to their annual grouse (a change for the better, this), the Socialists to their Summer Schools.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS won't let the grass grow under his feet this summer. Nor will Mr. Hore-Belisha be idle. The usual parties have been made up ; Scandinavia is on the itinerary this year. I don't imagine that Mr. Boothby will resist Berlin. Mr. Baldwin at Aix will walk further than ever.

WE are emptying the rag-bag to finish up with, and practically all the Ministers have been allowed an innings, though they 've the Opposition partly, of course, to thank for that. The Board of Trade have let their reputation slip a bit this last month, and the Ministry of Health, I 'm afraid, have lost theirs for ever. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister was himself his worst enemy in the Colonial debate. The Ministry of Labour have been joyful and, in a small way, they 've deserved to be. By the way, if Sir Henry Betterton was going to make a "talkie," couldn't he have learnt his two-minute speech by heart ?

IN the Lords, Lord Hailsham has been tireless and impregnable, but his real triumph was at the Conservative Party meeting on India, when he gave us of his best, which is the lawyer in him. Lord Londonderry has been occupied elsewhere. Lord Sankey—well, he has preserved his silence without apparent difficulty. Lord de la Warr, as befits the Under-Secretary for Agriculture, has done some excellent spade-work.

I SUPPOSE Mr. J. C. C. Davidson has drawn his salary as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster ? But one wonders what he has done for it. What a contrast he is to his predecessor, Sir Oswald Mosley. In his days, Members didn't forget that there was such an office as Chancellor, and who occupied it.

THE lady M.P.s have dropped out of public knowledge, except Lady Astor, who made history on a golf-course. The Duchess of Atholl seems to have had a surfeit of Russian butter, and to be looking for some other indigestible object for her affections. Incidentally, she has taken to speaking in the dinner hour.

OF the camp-followers, the Parliamentary private secretaries, Colonel Muirhead (Major Elliot's) is as popular as ever ; Mr. Buchan-Hepburn (Mr. Oliver Stanley's) as correct ; Mr. Geoffry Lloyd (Mr. Baldwin's) as intolerant ; Captain Gunston (Mr. Chamberlain's) as official ; and Mr. J. P. L. Thomas (Mr. Thomas's) as effervescent. Do they reflect their chiefs ?

OF the rank-and-file, Mr. Churchill has certainly been the one, if not the other ; Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland is growing out of his disappointment ; Mr. Herbert Williams has made up his mind he can expect nothing from this Government ; Mr. Holford Knight still believes it is only from this Government that he can expect anything.

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is more successful on the back bench than ever he was on the front ; Mr. Hugh Molson is in a hurry to be there very soon. Mr. Mabane has too many ideas ; Mr. Horrabin too many epigrams.

THE Socialists have borne the heat and burden of the day as best they could, but they are not too happy within themselves to brave the world. Mr. E. F. Wise is out in the open, and on the warpath again ; Mr. Morrison is tuning-up ; Mr. Alexander does not mean to be forgotten ; Mr. Greenwood has a plan of his own ; Mr. Lansbury has no intention of resigning. Poor, poor, Mr. Henderson !

"WESTMINSTER is closing down," as Campbell Stephen writes in the *New Leader*. I myself am going on a tour of exploration, the results of which are to appear exclusively in this paper. My discoveries will be illuminating. Next week I shall be in Cornwall.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Mr. Milne—and A. A. M.

Below : Lola Waite (Leonora Corbett), an intense young thing, just dying to do somebody a good turn

"Other People's Lives"

I'M not quite sure whether A. A. Milne has given us *Other People's Lives* because he's interested in the phenomenon of Rich Man—Poor Man, or because he detests Bright Young Things and thinks they're not fit to black the boots of the oh, so happy Poor, or because he's discovered that the secret of life is Mind Your Own Business, or, A Little Charity is a dangerous thing.

I fancy he has a down on young couples who live softly and cynically in chromium flats off the Tottenham Court Road, exchange facetious banter over champagne and caviare, and dabble in social relief-work just because it amuses them to pull the legs of their humble beneficiaries. I'll admit, if Mr. Milne likes, that the off-shoots of the T. C. Road are simply lou—, I mean, swarming, with these heartless, flippant parasites. Silly, tiresome people, who deserve the whips of scorn and the scorpions of satire.

Above : a scene from "Other People's Lives," at Wyndham's Theatre, showing Leonora Corbett, Harold Warrender, and Maurice Evans as three of Mr. A. A. Milne's too, too bright young people

BUT where Mr. Milne has got them wrong (for me, I mean) is just this—they *do* stick to their own idiom and generation. His quartette don't.

Their sallies are a mixture of 1913 and 1933. Whole worlds divide "The Rabbits"—that pleasant country-house set who couldn't help being funny at breakfast—and the triflers of to-day. Mr. Milne, like a sentimental Peter Pan, unwillingly puts away youthful things. The shadow of A. A. M. (I speak as an old admirer) is never far away : it pops up at awkward moments and insists on saying its piece. Is it fair to hold his popinjays up to ridicule with one hand and, with the other, turn them into a whole colony of A.A.M.s just when he feels inclined ? Running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. . . .

THE Tilling family in the flat below can't be helped without the rescuers forming a "Tilling Amelioration Society," making mock speeches and keeping facetious minutes. Somehow, this elaborate humour doesn't fit in with my notions of the ultra-Bright Young Things. I picture the survivors of this moribund, if not deceased, sect as far too lazy for so much brainwork. Mr. Tilling himself, most touchingly played by Lawrence Hanray, I take on trust. This seedy little book-canvasser, with his preposterous high-Society novel, has pathos, sincerity and humanity.

Mrs. Tilling (Mabel Russell), in her invalid chair, Miss Tilling (Ellis Powell), cracking non-stop jokes as she addresses endless envelopes, are figures of sawdust and sentiment. A cynic might say that the shabby Tilling home was so nauseatingly happy that it deserved what the Amelioration Society had in store for it. The daughter gets packed off to populate Canada with bonny babies, by a jocular Dean (Charles Carson), on the very day her mother is operated upon, free of charge, by a surly Harley Street specialist (Louis Goodrich). Mother, after a harrowing scene of farewell with humorous interludes, dies in the nursing home, and so poor Mr. Tilling, whose novel has been carelessly destroyed, is completely scuppered.

And so we leave Mr. Milne hovering between the two worlds of sentiment and satire. His triflers are more exasperating than they are meant to be, because their smart piffle has too much padding for its purpose. Their victims are too idyllic and the slavey (Kathleen Harrison, in another telling thumb-nail of hiccoughs and adenoids) is almost as much of a caricature as the colonising Dean.

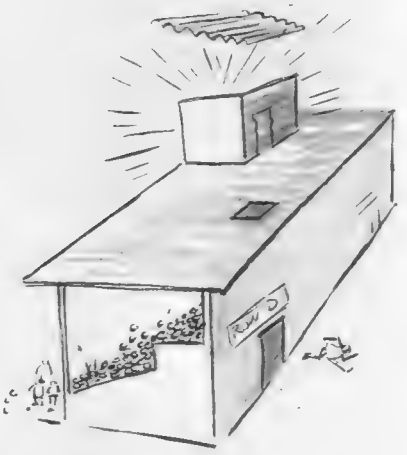
Mabel Russell fills a wheeled chair with cheerful fortitude ; while Maurice Evans and Leonora Corbett (Lola), Harold Warrender (the publisher), and Pauline Vilda succeed nobly in waking the bitter laughter of the Tottenham Court Road.

TRINCULO.

Right : Mr. Tilling (Lawrence Hanray), upon whom Lola, seen above, lavishes her good deeds—and he never ceases to regret it !

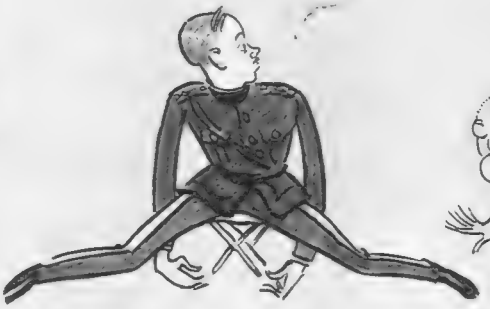
Trumpeter of the Royal Artillery. Boys are enlisted at the ripe old age of fourteen and—

—remain "Boys" until they pass out as "Trumpeters"



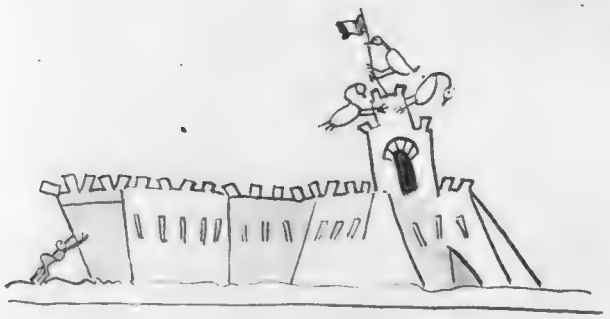
Commentator: Rev. B. K. Bond, M.C., S.C.F., outroaring the guns from the top of the grand stand

Spotlight on a spot of gaiety

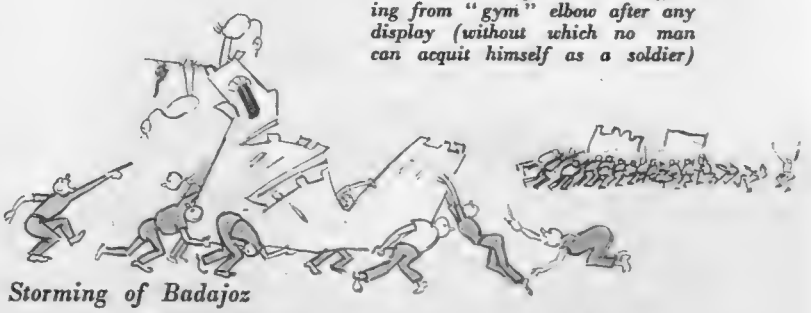


Lieut. E. S. B. Gaffney, R.A., all in after busy days and nights with the publicity and Press side

Physical Training Instructors suffering from "gym" elbow after any display (without which no man can acquit himself as a soldier)

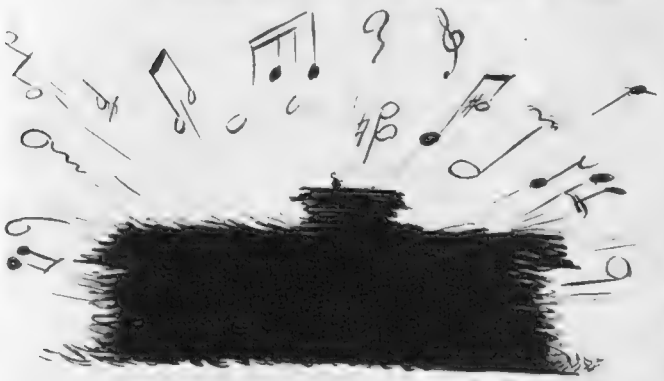


The Fortress before the bombardment, showing the handiwork of the Military College of Science



The Storming of Badajoz

The Fortress being taken back at all costs to the Military College of Science for more handiwork after the bombardment



Showing unusual view of the vibrations of the covered stand during the massed bands' operations

Back to the mess once more, showing Staff suffering from colour-blindness after the glare of the searchlights

Sidelights on the Woolwich Searchlights at the Tattoo

By H. H. Harris, after a spot of C.B.

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

We have now had our say, more or less without interference, for some months, and as we do believe in being fair, we think it is time everyone else had a chance. So here are a few comments, notes, and extracts which have from time to time been conveyed to us on the best crested notepaper, by telegram, on bargain slips, and inside paper pellets. Modesty and lack of space compel us to omit the complimentary phrases which preface these remarks.

Sidney Tabor says: ". . . and my daughter left home the week my picture appeared on your page. What are you going to do about that?"

Alfred Benjamin sends us the following information: "My wrist is better now, but my companion is still sore—anonymity is no advertisement."

John Laurie tells us that he doesn't mind so much about his picture, but he is afraid that his tailor may be serving a writ.

Herbert Alexander wants us to refuse, on his behalf, the numerous proposals he has had.

Hooley Nettleton had a letter from his son in India, enclosing a cutting of his father's picture from this page, and saying: "Of course, you have seen this?" We should have been very hurt if Mr. Nettleton hadn't seen it.

R. W. Crawford pointed out to us, and with some emphasis, that he was in the Rifle Brigade and not *the* Brigade. How difficult these military terms are for civilians to appreciate.

Some more remarks from "the other side" are—

"Micky": "You know, you got me a good ticking-off from the firm."

"Nellie": "Thank you for the nice advertisement, but I never gave you permission to use my Christian name. Trade isn't what it used to be in the good old days."

"Lancelot": "Surely you don't mean me? Are all those others in *Debrett*?"

S. J. Frost: "I don't mind my face so much, but both the dog's parents do happen to be known to me."

"The Old Firm": "Thanks for our picture. The first prize was won by the man who sits next to me."

W. B. N. Roderick: "Thank you for the waves. My wife is quite jealous."

Dear Sir—We much deplore the unnecessary comments with regard to our clothes (they may be true). However, we are too busy to discuss such unimportant matters.

Your obedient servants,
(*And the signature looks like*)
C. and G. Tiptop-Plumdurie.

Dear Sir—
For some time past I have been meaning to write you with reference to the drawing of myself on your page. I feel that this picture must almost certainly have been drawn out of proportion on purpose, in order to make more credible the suggestion that I was responsible for the cracks in the pillar.

On the other hand, I would like to put on record my appreciation of your notice of the recent dramatic production in which I took part.

Yours faithfully,
(*Signed, we think*),
Glastonbury Salisbury.

P.S.—And about those oyster-shells: I don't think they are Roman remains.

Dear Sir—
I have been asked to point out by my Committee—

(1) That the oyster-shells referred to in the issue of The Bystander dated July 12th are not Roman.

Walter Harris
Demanding an explanation

(2) That the oyster-shells referred to in the issue of The Bystander dated July 12th are not the Committee's.

(3) That the oyster-shells referred to in the issue of The Bystander dated July 12th were never eaten by members of the Stock Exchange.

(4) That the cherry-stones referred to in the issue of The Bystander dated July 12th are not the responsibility of my Committee.

(5) That the throwing of paper balls and other missiles is strictly prohibited.

Yours faithfully,
Secretary to the Secretary to the Secretary to the Committee of General Purposes.

We have received innumerable letters from members pointing out that they were not the member on whose back was pinned the notice saying (in English, French, and German): "Please do not disturb." We therefore are delighted to give publicity to the fact that none of these members was the aforesaid member, and that we never thought he was.

Walter Harris has complained to "Jonk" that he used to be quite a popular model—George Belcher even used him for a picture in *Punch*—but no one ever draws him now. He was quite angry at having been left out, so here he is this week. Unfortunately, his rich Irish brogue can't be reproduced in the drawing.

Gurney Braithwaite (the Member for Hillsborough) also appears here. If his fellow-Members in the House of Commons ever do see him like this, it 's only fair that his fellow-members in the Stock Exchange should have that privilege as well—and now they have.

Gurney Braithwaite, M.P.
Seen in the other House

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 8.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

CHARLES HENRY GORDON-LENNOX, eighth Duke of Richmond, third Duke of Gordon, Duke of Lennox in Scotland, and Duc d'Aubigny in France, Hereditary Constable in Inverness Castle, is perhaps our most business-like Duke, despite the fact that he is a cripple. He has turned his estates into a company, and since he came into the properties, everything has been done much more efficiently. In Scotland he has sold off some of the outlying ground to make the estate more compact. At Goodwood he sold, it is true, two million cubic feet of beech trees, but has not contracted the estate at all.

MOST people imagine that his crippled condition (he propels himself everywhere in a wheel-chair) is the result of war wounds. That would have been bad enough, but he was still more unlucky. It was in 1915, just before he was about to take his regiment to France, when he fell a victim to influenza, which developed into spinal meningitis and paralysed both his legs. To look at, the Duke is not a typical descendant of Charles the Second, although, of course, he is, his ancestress having been the lovely Duchess of Portsmouth. His head is much rounder than the dolycephalic craniums of the Stuarts. Despite his misfortune, he looks extraordinarily well. His blue-grey eyes are very vivid. He has a dry sense of humour and a great fondness for the theatre and children. He has beautiful hands, and also a very distinct gift for writing. It is a pity he does not do more of it. So far he has confined himself to a history of a hunt and the life of "The Cock of the North," the sixth Duke.

THIS week, racegoers at Goodwood are finding that a totalisator has been installed which is almost as large as the one at Newmarket. It has been sunk into the hillside and actually improves the appearance of the course. The lawns, too, have been levelled out and re-turfed. It was the present Duke who transformed that wild disorder of char-a-bancs known as Trundle Hill so that now, having been railed off neatly into enclosures, it is the most wonderful natural grand stand in existence.

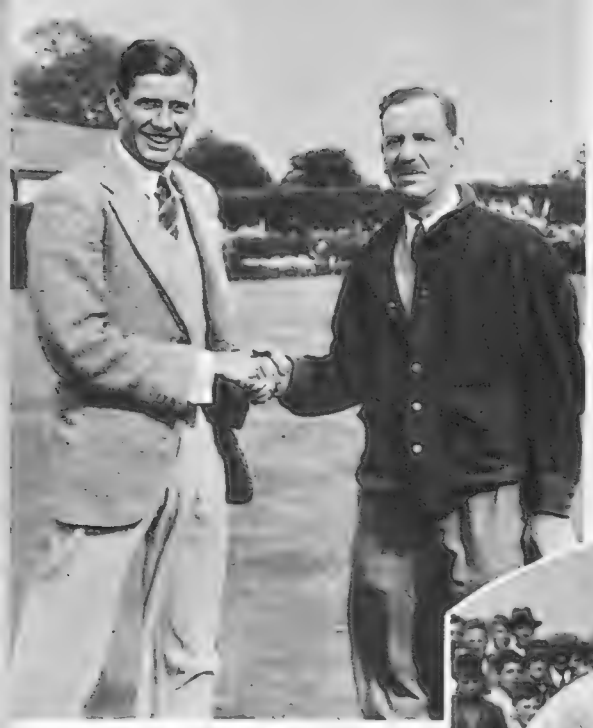
AS a younger man the Duke was a very keen fisherman. He is a simple eater; only smokes one or two cigarettes a day; and has iron-grey hair. His eldest boy was killed in North Russia in 1919, but he still has an heir, as well as two daughters and a number of grandchildren.

He owns the salmon-netting rights at the mouth of the Spey; he was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts in South Africa; he is a Colonel of the Sussex Yeomanry; and was formerly a Major in the Irish Guards.

Anybody who has ever met him cannot fail to admire his enormous courage and the way in which he has refused to be beaten by his infirmity.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

R. and A. Canards Contradicted



N. K. Garnett (Ceylon) being congratulated by Lieut.-Colonel V. R. Munton (India), the runner-up, on winning the Lucifer G. S. Empire Overseas Tournament held at Walton Heath

W. B. Torrance receiving his memento medal from Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville at North Berwick, where Tantallon beat Gullane in the East Lothian County Cup

G. A. Hick (Boyce Hill), the winner of the "Morning Post" Amateur Golf Tournament at Wentworth at the first tee, with Comdr. H. Bradburne (Sonning)

I HAVE noticed recently that there has been an agitation against the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, started apparently by remarks made by various British professionals. The authorities and members of the Club are accused of being snobs, in that while they are prepared to look after any amateur golfer who may be competing in an Open Championship at St. Andrews, they are unprepared, as far as their club-house is concerned, to recognise the existence of the professionals present. They are accused of having allowed—of inviting, even—the American professionals visiting this country into the club-house and giving them all the amenities which their own members enjoy, such amenities being denied to the home professionals. They are also accused of generally opposing the Professional International Match which the Professional Golfers' Association originally wished to play at St. Andrews prior to the Championship. I have seen no reply of any sort from St. Andrews, which is merely what was to be expected, since the accusations are ridiculous.

I will first take the question of the Professional International Match. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews had nothing whatever to do with this match, the whole trouble being that the Town Council of St. Andrews refused to allow gate-money to be charged, and this so infuriated the Professional Golfers' Association that they decided the match should be played elsewhere—a decision which entirely suited all those who were trying to practise for the Championship.

WITH regard to the accusations of snobbery made against the club and the members of St. Andrews, an article was written by a certain leading professional stating that most professional golfers were now honorary members of their clubs, and as such should be given an honorary membership of any club at which the Open Championship is played, just as visiting amateurs of other clubs are offered these amenities. This gentleman went on to say that most professional golfers were excellent fellows and good mixers, although, of course, there were black sheep among the professional golfers just as in other sections of society. With this latter remark I am in entire agreement. The professional golfer I have always found to be a most delightful person, if a little lacking in ambition and application, as in the last two weeks I have tried to explain in this journal and do not propose to go into again now. The remark, however, that most professional golfers are honorary members of their clubs is very misleading, and highly imaginative. It inclines one to think that something like seventy-five per cent. of the professionals attached to clubs are honorary members of those clubs—a state of affairs which bears absolutely no relation to fact. There are a few very distinguished members of the profession of golf who have been elected to honorary membership of their clubs, perhaps on account of long service or of great distinction in the game, but this list is very small, and to suggest that the majority of professionals are members of their clubs is quite fantastic.

Even if they were, however, I still cannot see how this point, taken in conjunction with the fact that the club-house at St. Andrews is not open to professional golfers *unless brought in as a guest by a member*, can in any way be brought forward as an argument that the members of St. Andrews are snobs. The club-house at St. Andrews has never been open to the use of professionals during the Open Championship: they have plenty of other opportunities. On the other hand, it has always been open to a professional should he be brought into the club-house, say, after a round with an amateur, by that amateur, should he be a member of the club. I have myself taken a professional with whom I have been playing, into the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in order to have a drink after a round. I saw many of the professionals competing at St. Andrews in the recent Open Championship brought into the club in similar circumstances, and together with all the other members of the Royal and Ancient, I was only too pleased to see them in the Big Room. The accusations of snobbery must obviously fall to the ground.

BUT far worse is the suggestion that a difference was made between the American professionals and the British, and that the Americans were allowed to use the club as they chose, whereas the British professionals were barred admittance. This is entirely and absolutely untrue. The American professional found himself in exactly the same position as the British professional, or, indeed, any professional of any other nationality at St. Andrews. It is perfectly true to say that most of the Americans were at some time or other brought into the club-house by members of the club, but in exactly the same circumstances as I have previously outlined in this article. They were only brought in as the guests of members and in the company of those members: they could not make use of the club-house as they chose, and they would not have been, and were not, admitted except in the company of members who brought them in as their personal guests. If some of the British professionals were perhaps a little jealous that they themselves were not invited, I can only suggest to them that it is their own fault for not attaining a degree of efficiency in their profession which makes them important personages, and as such, people one would wish to take into the club-house.

FINALLY, I would like to say that the outburst on the part of certain British professionals was rather childish, especially as the stories circulated regarding the snobbery of the members of St. Andrews bore no relation to fact. It seems to me a pity that the British professional should have allowed himself to be rushed into print on a subject on which he was obviously so biased that he could neither see nor write straight. Also, I consider that the heads of the Professional Golfers' Association missed the chance of asserting their authority by announcing officially that the personages who wrote on the subject were doing so without sanction and without the approval of the Association. The outburst has done the professional golfer of this country absolutely no good: it has, in fact, done him a great deal of harm, for those who were present at St. Andrews may not now feel inclined to treat him in quite the same way in the future.

A Hampshire House-Party

Lord and Lady Mount Temple Entertain at Broadlands

Lady Mount Temple (right) playing an out-of-door game of backgammon with Lady Earle, Sir Lionel Earle's wife, while Viscountess Bearsted sits by and watches the dice fall

Above: Lady Doris Gunston, Mr. Christopher Hussey, and Lady Eyres-Monsell, the wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, were three more of the house-party at Broadlands, the Mount Temple's lovely place on the Test, in Hampshire

Above are Sir Lionel Earle and Viscountess Bearsted with their host, Lord Mount Temple (centre), and on the left is the Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry, who was also spending the week-end at Broadlands

Left: the Hon. Cornelius Dresselhuys and Lady Earle in the garden, which runs down to the river and is just as fascinating as the house itself

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

County Teams, and Overseas Choices

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THERE is a momentary pause in the frantic golf rush at present, during which you may as well fill up some gaps that I know must exist in your golfing education of 1933. Do you, for instance, realise which are the four teams for County Finals, these having arrived at that happy state of affairs by many struggles and much sweat of brow? Have you taken in who are the four players chosen for the tour to South Africa? Are you, in fact, up in the affairs of the serious golfing world, or are you only thinking of your own holiday golf? I wonder.

COUNTY golf has really been extraordinarily interesting this year, quite stifling all the chat of other seasons about the difficulty of getting teams to travel, the better plan of collecting them all under one roof and letting them get it all over in one week—more as if "it" were measles than the best golf of the year. Some of the divisions, to be sure, have adopted that plan, or a modification of it. Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, like very large spiders, lured those hapless counties whom they are pleased to call minor, to Wilmslow, and there devoured them. One of the flies—Northumberland—very nearly got in a shrewd bite at Yorkshire, but that team escaped with their lives, and thereafter proved how salutary a thing fright may be by beating Lancashire and Cheshire and so qualifying to meet Flintshire, then beating them, and so safely qualifying for Westward Ho! on September 29th and 30th. Yorkshire are an amazingly good team, without any really weak spots. Mrs. Swinscoe, at their head, has not the big name outside the county that one might expect, but that need not mean she is less capable of winning. In fact, just because she is less known than some, the three other tops whom she will meet may quite well be considerably alarmed when they find her winning holes from them, and so get beaten from sheer flurry. In any case, she will contribute enormously to the team's strength, because Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Mabel Wragg, at second and third, are that much more certain of wins. Miss Johnson, by the way, seems to have come on with a tremendous rush last month, until I am really hopeful of seeing big honours for her in the English Championship; the way she trounced Miss Beryl Brown and only lost one down to Miss Corlett, all in one day, showed her capabilities, and people who were there said that the extra control she had acquired was quite remarkable. Then Yorkshire really have no tail, not to call a tail. Mrs. Tillett is still a young player, having won the Yorkshire Championship twice before she was out of her 'teens and being quite capable of winning it again; Miss Worlsey has not been Northern Champion for nothing, and then there are Miss Lees, Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Platt, Miss Rowland. Yes, Yorkshire are a very good side indeed, and a county that comes unbeaten to the Finals does stand a remarkably good chance of carrying on through them. They used to have an unlucky notion about Surrey, but that county, having been cleared out of their way by Essex, I don't quite see who is to stop the Northerners from having the Championship this year.

Unless it were Essex. They showed themselves a very excellent team when they beat Surrey at Stoke Poges in the sub-divisional final, and I have a notion they will be a better one still by September. I mean, Miss Garnham has won the French since, and so comes with that little bit of added confidence and experience, although I have a notion that she was not playing her best out at Wimereux; Miss Diana Plumpton will have had plenty of time to recover from the natural reaction after being Open runner-up and a British teamster; Mrs. Garon will probably either have perfected or abandoned the new style which has been rather more of a hindrance than a help to her this year, whilst Miss Wilkins, and Miss Holmes are always useful; Mrs. Walker is a fast-improving player, and there is no need to doubt the capabilities of their last string.

Miss Diana Plumpton and Miss Helen Plumpton, who were bridesmaids to their sister, Miss Sybil Plumpton, at her marriage to Mr. George Limmer, at Hampstead Parish Church

Mrs. H. A. Loch (Royal County Down) holding the Cup—with her daughter taking care of the replica—which she secured by winning the Ladies' Highland Golf Trophy, recently played for at Pitlochry

THOSE two are the counties that one would pick as likely winners, for Warwickshire and Glamorgan, with all due respect to excellent teams, have not had such withering fire against them in divisional matches, and do not seem, on paper, to be of such outstanding fame as the Northern and South-Eastern counties. But one never knows. They have all to gain, and little to lose, which, in itself, is a most inspiring and helpful position.

Now about this team for South Africa. You may have seen that Miss Fishwick, Miss Gourlay, Miss Pentony, and Miss Wilson are the four chosen to go, with Miss Doris Chambers as their captain-manager. One presumes that all have accepted; it is not the sort of invitation that any sane, keen, single woman golfer would lightly refuse. Of course, they will miss the English Championship, as September 28th is the day of sailing (so we shall have no defender of the English title), but to spend those months enjoying summer sunshine in South Africa, the guests of some of the most hospitable folk in the world, playing on new courses, seeing new places—in fact, travelling, which is, after all, one of the joys of life! You see how carefully I give the names in alphabetical order; this is not an International team in the sense that a side against France or U.S.A. is, but naturally, we are sending those fully qualified to set the highest standard of golf in front of South African players. And there is good variety of style, so that those golfers over there who cannot copy one of them with advantage, can well choose another. Miss Wilson is, beyond dispute, our best golfer, if we leave Miss Wethered out of the question; Miss Gourlay one of our best show-women, who consistently produces first-class golf on demand; Miss Fishwick makes the game appear simpler than most; Miss Pentony, twice Irish Champion within the last three years, plays it as a delightful graceful, hard-hitting game.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Left: the Windmill Press at Kingswood, Surrey, where Heinemann's gave a garden party recently, and where the literary world and his wife turned up in force

Below: Lord Dunsany talking to Mr. J. O. P. Bland; they might have been discussing the East, perhaps

Authors' Anthology

A Garden Party at the Windmill Press

Left: Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, "the last of the Caballeros," with Miss Sophie Wyss, the singer, and Mr. Seddon Evans, son of the Managing Director of Heinemann's

Mr. and Mrs. Frere-Reeves arrived back from their honeymoon just in time for the party. Mrs. Frere-Reeves was Miss Pat Wallace, the late Edgar Wallace's eldest child

Mrs. Doubleday, the wife of the American publisher, and Miss Peggy Evans, Mr. C. S. Evans' daughter, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes

Mme. Nijinskaya, who was another of the guests at the party, walking round the garden at Kingswood with Mr. Arnold Haskell, the ballet critic

The Channon-Guinness Wedding at St. Margaret's

Mr. Henry Channon, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Channon, of Chicago, and Lady Honor Guinness, the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's eldest daughter, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster; they had one of the biggest weddings of what has been a season of big weddings

Right: Mr. and Mrs. John Musker were among the guests. Mrs. Musker was Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, and was married last summer

Above: Mr. J. Wilson, Miss Christie-Miller, the Hon. David Herbert, and Lady Juliet Duff were another quartette of guests

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley, and Gay Kindersley, their three-year-old son, wearing his blue and white page's suit of eighteenth-century cut

Lady Weldon, Sir Anthony Weldon's mother, and the Countess of Jersey walking across St. James's Square together

Captain Waller, with Lady Brigid and Lady Patricia Guinness, who were bridesmaids to their elder sister

Mr. Ricketts and Mrs. Patrick Davison outside the Iveagh's house in St. James's Square

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rice, whose small son Henry was one of Lady Honor Guinness's pages

Left: Mrs. Ralph Cobbold and Lady Helen Smith, two of this year's brides, with Miss Fordham and Lady Anne Hunloke, leaving the reception

Lady Cunard and Lord Berners met and talked after the wedding; perhaps they were discussing the future of Covent Garden

Left: Mrs. Robert Bridgeman, Miss Sutton, and Miss Lane-Fox all decided to leave the reception at the same moment

Another of the ten small pages who attended Lady Honor Guinness, on his way home with his mother: Robin Warrender and Lady Warrender

E. and O. E.

Dancing after Lord's at the Eton Ball

Swaebe

Above: Miss Jeanne Stourton, Mr. A. Pawson, Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall, and the Hon. Michael Isaacs, Lord Erleigh's only son, at the Dorchester, where the Ball was held

Right: Miss Van der Putte and Mr. Geoffrey Aldrick-Blake sitting out together between dances

Mr. and Mrs. Dorien Williamson were two more of the guests at the Dorchester. All profits from the dance are given to the Eton Mission, Hackney Wick

Swaebe

Above: the Hon. Brinsley le Poer Trench, Lord Clancarty's brother, Miss Betty Sinclair, and Colonel W. D. Sword

On the left are Miss Vera Davison and Mr Kenneth Garcke, giving the camera their attention for a moment

On the right are Mr. E. P. Aldrich Blake and Miss Betty Leveson-Gower, who is one of this year's débutantes

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

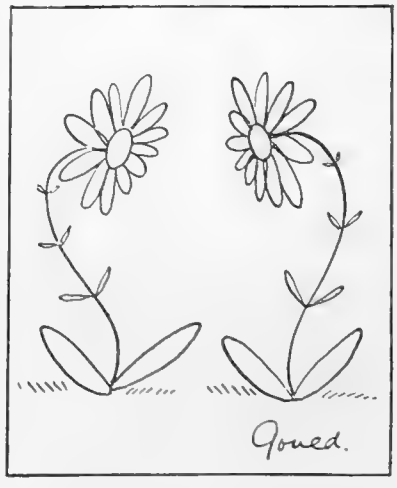
Tilly Losch as Errante, and some friends whom she hopes miss the train: a cartoon, by J. P. Davis, of the première danseuse and some others in the Ballets of 1933

By J. P. Davis

Sasha

Will Fyffe gets the idea in wearing distorting spectacles when Gina Malo and her legs are about, in "Give Me a Ring," at the Hippodrome

WE had a letter just now from the Premier New Century Syndicate, asking our views on their proposal to convert the Leicester Square Alhambra into a spacious pleasure dome on Kublai Khan lines. Syndicate, which seems sincerely anxious to acquire our reactions, sent along an illustrated broadsheet showing just how the New Century, as it 's to be called, will look, after they and their architect, Mr. E. A. Stone, F.S.I., have done with it. Stout hearts will mourn the passing of the old Alhambra with its tarnished Moorish cupolas, but those who feel that London is bound to end up looking like Berlin, anyway, may possibly welcome the metamorphosis. The New Century, as far as we can see, will be a lofty, glass-fronted palazzo, housing almost every known form of entertainment, including eating, drinking, dancing, prize fights, gymnastics, and music. Top floor is to be a Solarium, with real sunlight as well as artificial, swimming-bath, and apparatus for every type of physical culture. There is something faintly beautiful, Greek almost, in the notion of this sun-flooded top floor, with its bronzed men and maidens springing lightly over the vaulting-horse. The lower you go, however, the less Greek things become; grosser pleasures monopolise the scene. There are to be Caucasian, Viennese, Persian, and Spanish restaurants, each serving food in the national manner, a garden restaurant full of growing plants and lily-covered waterways, and, on the ground floor, a Tyrolean village and beer-garden. This last, if we can judge from the picture issued by the Syndicate, is to be about the size of a real village in the Tyrol—though yesterday, running our eye over the site, we came to the conclusion that the architect had let his pencil run away with him. Anyway, large or small, all the beer-garden needs to be an immense success with us is some good beer, a band playing rumti-tiddley waltzes, à la Tirolienne, and waiters in embroidered socks and shirts slapping each other's faces between courses in the *White Horse Inn* manner. The only thing missing, it seems, from the New Century, to make it the ideal place for pleasure-sodden old satyrs like ourselves to pass an idle hour in, is some quiet corner where you can get a nice thick chop that hasn't been monkeyed with by Caucasians.



Our Nature Study Department

"Well, I tell you, Hilda—I was just rooted to the spot"

THE Alhambra site has had a fairly chequered history. The first pleasure haunt erected on the spot was known in the 'fifties as the Panopticon. Its Royal Charter declared that the purpose of the building was to be "the illustration in popular form of discoveries in science and art, improving lectures, and the general elevation of all classes of the community." The régime of elevation lasted exactly four years; not even the Victorians were prepared to take their culture quite so neat. A Mr. Smith bought up the premises, sold the great organ to St. Paul's Cathedral—and the Panopticon became a circus! The circus shows were succeeded by ballets; management had their dancing licence suspended

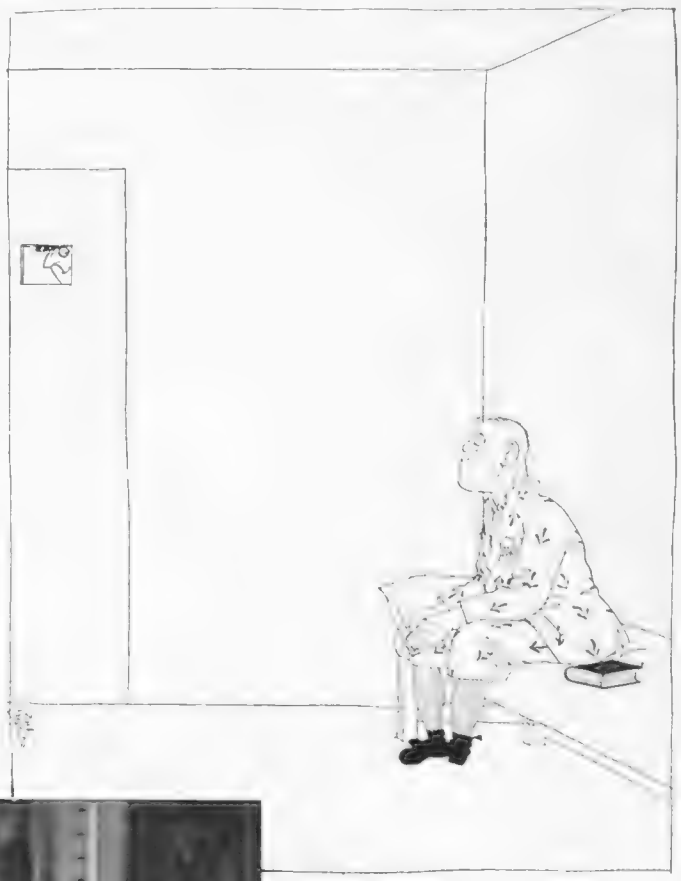
for introducing the wicked can-can from Paris, black silk stockings, strip of bare thigh, frilly drawers, and all. Next came vaudeville. Blondin picked up the manager, threw him over his shoulder, walked with him across a tight-rope suspended across the auditorium . . . Lulu, the trapezist, who had appeared there first as a tiny boy, created a sensation by returning five years later in the guise of a beautiful Circassian girl . . . Herr Dowe demonstrated his famous bullet-proof cuirass, challenging the Duke of Cambridge to take pot-shots at him with a pistol . . . Tom Sayers fought John Carmel Heenan, the "Bernicia Boy," after every Chief Constable in the land had forbidden the fight and Heenan had been smuggled into London, hidden under a heap of rugs, in a horse-box. In 1882 the old building was burned down and in its place rose the present Moorish Alhambra, of which a contemporary critic wrote: "London has been immeasurably enriched by the completion of this splendid pile."

THERE is just one more thing to be said about the New Century: catering there is to be handled by Mr. Kempinsky from the Haus Vaterland, in Berlin. If you know the Haus Vaterland, you will feel pretty sure of Mr. Kempinsky's ability to handle a little proposition like the New Century. Haus Vaterland is either the most wonderful or the silliest place of entertainment in the world, that depending on how you feel when you're there. Under its roof are restaurants and cabarets in, it seems, every known national style. In the Rhine Valley café at Haus Vaterland they give you not only magnificent Rheinwein, but, every hour, a mechanical thunderstorm, worked with lighting and sound effects in the most terrifying manner; and in the Tyrolean restaurants farther down there 's an artificial sunset every so often that makes Dame Nature, O.B.E., look a mighty small performer. When you 're in Berlin, your more select friends will try to steer you away from Haus Vaterland, towards Lilly's, the Savarin, the Jockey, Fredie's, Rio Rita, and the rest. Refuse any substitute; until you have glimpsed that rosily realistic sunset through the floor of a glass tankard, you will not have appreciated the tremendous heights to which the human spirit can soar.

Sasha

Keeping Up the Temperature

Louise Brown and Harold Turner dancing in the ballet, "Fahrenheit," one of the Ballets of 1933 in the Edward James season. It has a nice tropical background, with hot-pipes and thermometer



NICOLAS BENTLEY DREW THE PICTURE

"Peep-Bo!"

Lady Honywood and Mr. Ian Maclean balcony that everyone knows. Lady is one of England's leading business-wood Hotels and a member of the London

A PLEASANT tale reached us this week from Burma. Tale concerns a nabob who uses elephants on his estates for hauling trees around. One morning, an elephant was found to be missing from the herd. Nabob, greatly fussed, called in the police to help trace the beast. After several days had gone by with no word from the search-party, he wrote in to ask how things were going. A letter came in reply. "DEAR SIR," it began, "We beg to assure you that we are leaving no stone unturned to find your elephant . . ."

WE have always had unbounded admiration for the Boswell Sisters; were even prepared to accept from those six red lips the disturbing statement that "Life is like a bowl of cherries." When Connie caught mumps, we were distraught, though possibly not as distraught as the Palladium people, who had to rush Marion Harris along in thirty minutes to take their places, or the B.B.C., who had the three fixed to broadcast that same evening. Not even the indignity of mumps, though, could damp the Boswell fire, the proud spirit of old C'u'nel Boswell, Suh. By the following Friday, though unable to return to the music-hall, the girls were telephoning Broadcasting House to suggest that engineers be sent along to take a recital from Connie's sickroom at the hotel. The B.B.C. declined politely; were not prepared, they said, to dispatch their engineers into the mump-ridden swamps of Mayfair. Engineers, themselves, we hear, were disappointed. They had volunteered to a man to stand around with microphones while the eldest Miss Boswell covered the waterfront with mumps bacilli.

QUITE a flutter was caused by Major Sieveking's announcement in the *Times* of the birth of a "beautiful daughter." No one pointed out, however, that this wasn't the first time the good Major had taken liberties with old mother *Times*;

Swaebe

having supper together on the Coventry Street Honywood, who is the wife of Sir John Honywood, women ; she is the managing director of Hony- Chamber of Commerce, among other things

VIVE LE SPORT !

No. 2.—Mr. Jack Crawford

WHEN Mr. Crawford takes the court
His judgment very seldom errs,
Though he 's unaided in his sport
By telepathic managers
Whose silent messages assist
Their pupils in the time of crises,
And leave them, victors in the list,
As cool as the proverbial ices.

No ; Honest Jack prefers to place
His faith in long experience
When struggling to achieve an " ace "
In any rally long and tense.
And, since he proved too deadly for
Both French and Germans (inter alia),
A host unto himself is Craw-
ford, who is from Australia.

So let us cheer with " three-times-threes "
The champion who lately came
Here from the far Antipodes
In search of further tennis fame,
And proved to one and all of late
That here 's a raider from " Down Under "
Who surely did not hesitate
The tall and heavy Vines to plunder !

B. W.

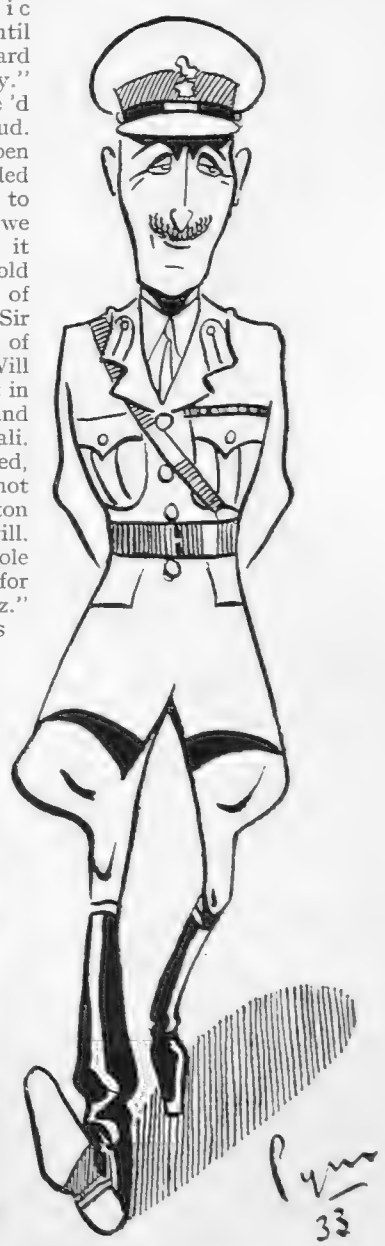
he had announced his previous offspring as a " charming daughter." The former prank, we understand, caused no similar excitement. Maybe it had to fight with a Sea Serpent or a Giant Gooseberry for a place in the news. The Press in general, which had apparently little else on its mind, took warmly to the story ; gave the brat as much space as the average felo de se gets in these suicidal times. Baby, we learn, is to be called Anthea Harriet. All she has to do now is to grow up beautiful.

A CHORUS lady of our acquaintance recently acquired a scarab. This was the gift of an Egyptologist. Lady asked us whether we thought the gift would prove unlucky ; the scarab came from one of those tombs—and, after all, look what had happened to people who interfered with Egyptian tombs ! We cheered her considerably by raking up the story of the famous Liverpool cat auction. It happened this way : An Egyptian out for a walk fell through a hole in the ground ; found himself in an ancient tomb crammed with the mummified bodies of cats. Though the cat, being the incarnation of the goddess Bubastes, was worshipped as a sacred beast in the days of the Pharaohs, this didn't worry our Egyptian. Being a business man, he had the cats removed from the tomb, loaded them on a ship and sent them off to Liverpool, to be sold as manure. At the sale, the auctioneer used one of the mummies as a hammer. He got 1s. 6d. apiece for the cats, and, as far as we know, Bubastes didn't play any tricks with the crops of the farmers who bought them in. This story—perfectly true, though we can't for the life of us remember exactly when it happened—amused our young friend. As it turned out, though, we needn't have worried about her superstitions ; two days later she fell out with the Egyptologist ; sent him back all his presents, including the scarab, with a note saying he was no gentleman.

NOW that Duke Ellington, the " Aristocrat of Harlem," has gone his way, we are at liberty to say exactly what we think about Jazz without the risk of hurting the feelings of the national guest. Crusted opponents of syncopation though we are, we went to the Duke's last concert at the Elephant and Castle with the feeling that our minds were about to be changed. " You don't know what Jazz can be," said enthusiastic friends, " until you 've heard Ellington play." They were right ; for one thing, we 'd never known that it could be so loud. We tried desperately to keep an open mind. The whole thing sounded hellish to us, but we weren't going to admit it too easily. After a while, we started thinking of other things ; it seemed to help. We thought of old Burgundy, Old Moore, the burial of Sir John Moore, the burial of Sir John Reith. We thought happily of Gilbert Miller's description of Will Hayes as " the highest-paid nitwit in the world " ; of the cheap living and the beautiful girls on the island of Bali. Finally, we left, deafened, bewildered, indescribably disappointed at not having been converted. If Ellington couldn't convert us, no one ever will. We would have gladly given the whole of the afternoon's programme for just 16 bars of the " Skaters' Waltz."

THE BYSTANDERS

Another sun-bathing group on board s.s. Lapland, the Red Star liner which carried " The Bystander " Cruise cargo. This is the third of the series of twenty photographs, in each of which a passenger is " spotted " for a lucky guinea. This week the lady on the right with the " ringed " head gets the guinea when she writes to claim it, giving her name and address



Aldershot Personalities—No. 4

Brigadier E. F. Norton, D.S.O., M.C., C.R.A.

James Cagney, as the crook turned picture-snatcher (i.e., photographer of those who don't want to be photographed), and Alice White, in the newspaper underworld film, "Picture-Snatcher," at the Regal

Another newspaper racket film is "Clear All Wires," at the Empire: here are Una Merkel, Lee Tracy, and Eugene Sigaloff in a scene from it

Sylvia Sidney again proves herself a film-actress as well as a film-star in "Jennie Gerhardt," the screen version of Theodore Dreiser's novel at the Plaza last week. Donald Cook plays opposite her

The Passing Picture Show

"Tough" or Tender?

By Sydney Tremayne

Once all successful male film-stars had to be "the screen's greatest lover," or anything from "the second" to "the twentieth Valentino." But the film-going public has gradually become de-sentimentalised, and to-day the "tough guy" is in the ascendant. Undoubtedly Clark Gable was the link between the perfect lover and the perfect brute. He showed the world that a man could be unshaven, rough, rude, insulting to women and yet, in the final fade-out, hold a Garbo or a Dietrich in his arms. And now the men who head the list as "heroes" are James Cagney, a short-nosed, short-legged little man, who makes vulgarity a virtue, and Lee Tracy, the complete negation of all we meant by "film-star" in the past.

In *The Picture-Snatcher* there is not the faintest attempt to make James Cagney a sympathetic character. He is an ex-gangster whose reform consists of applying his completely unscrupulous mentality to a job as camera-man to a "Yellow Press" newspaper. His biggest scoop, accomplished by lying and cheating, is to get a photograph of a woman while she is being electrocuted. (This was actually done during the execution of Ruth Snyder.) Cagney succeeds completely in his characterisation. He is a convincing cad and crook. He speaks and moves even more rapidly and behaves more violently than he has in previous pictures, and his winning ways include hitting Alice White in the face. There is any amount of action and excitement in *The Picture-Snatcher*.

Lee Tracy, the rival exponent of toughness, rattles off his wisecracks at a speed to make one gasp, but *he* does not get out of breath. *Clear All Wires* shows him as an American newspaper-man in Moscow. Only the captious would ask: "Why Moscow?" If there is not any news he will manufacture it, even if it entails shooting "the last of the Romanoffs" himself so as to be first with the story—and a lot more like that. *Clear All Wires* is extremely entertaining and very well done: you will like it as long as you like plain-faced, plain-spoken, gesticulatory Lee Tracy. There is also Benita Hume, but in this type of picture, the feminine rôle is purely recipient—of somewhat indiscriminately bestowed blows, kisses, or confidences.

If you do find Lee Tracy irresistible there is the general release of *Private Jones* for your delectation. In this he plays the part of the reluctant soldier, always in trouble and the cook-house until he becomes a hero, almost by accident, only to revert to ingloriousness—and the cook-house.

These pictures are supposed to expose something or other, to do something called "debunking," in pure American—of the newspaper racket in *The Picture-Snatcher* and *Clear All Wires*, the military and patriotic "racket" in *Private Jones*. All that they really expose is the public's conversion to "tough," ugly, wise cracking, unheroic heroes.

Another release for lovers of "tough stuff" is *She Done Him Wrong*, in which Mae West shows that there is an opening for women in the same line of business. Her hair, her voice, and her method are metallic, and she delivers every line as if it was a high explosive.

If you want something quite, quite different, there is *Jennie Gerhardt*. This picture is made from Dreiser's famous novel. It is calculated to bring the tears to your eyes because of the sufferings of a woman who is the victim of circumstances and her own too tender and too generous nature. Every picture in which Sylvia Sidney has appeared has shown development of genuine emotional power, obviously controlled by growing histrionic art. She even survived the moribund sentimentality of *Madame Butterfly*, now generally released. In spite of an appearance attractive in its way, but not of heroic mould or strictly beautiful, she reaches, at moments, intensity which surpasses Joan Crawford's most carefully achieved effects, and a tenderness which makes Helen Hayes seem tawdry. *Jennie Gerhardt* moves slowly, but it is worth seeing for the sake of Sylvia Sidney's sincere and lovely interpretation of the name-part.

Don Quixote is now being shown at the Academy. They say it is a high-brow film, but modern Surbiton enjoys a peep at ancient Spain, applauds the great Chaliapin and laughs at George Robey—even when he means to move it to tears!

Leni Riefenstahl's brilliantly photographed ski-ing picture, *The White Flame*, is now at the Polytechnic, as well as *Kadetten*, the German boys'-school film, which attracts audiences although inferior to *Mädchen in Uniform*.

DUNLOP
DUNLOP FORT
DUNLOP MAGNA
C.F.H.

Lord Castlerosse must desert the Schwarzwald for a hiking tour in the Peak district

Perhaps some of the d'Erlangers—the Baroness, Mr. Robin and Princess de Faucigny Lucinge—could be persuaded to try Mr. Lansbury's Lido

"Holidays in England for Ev

Four Fantasies Suggested by the abo

Rosita Forbes could explore the upper reaches of the Thames

The Duke of Westminster might do a little yachting on the Norfolk Broads

erybody this Year . . ." *Daily Press*

e and Perpetrated by Tony Wysard

No words are needed; for the picture tells
What happens when, with one gigantic hand
This modern Samson negligently fells
A serviceable building near the Strand.

Draining his glass of Guinness, he enjoys
The vision of his nervous mate's distress
And—while it is a pillar he destroys,
He makes a column—for the Daily Press.

The fact that strength like this is very rare
Does not affect the moral of this rhyme;
"Guinness for Strength" wins plaudits everywhere—
In fact, it "brings the house down" every time!

GUINNESS for STRENGTH
G.E.329A

A portfolio of fashion compiled weekly for the Bystander by Madge Garland
ELVERY'S have an unusually good assortment of waterproofs for Cowes, among which is the oil-skin coat sketched on the left. It is made with a storm collar and wide revers and its fitted yoke gives a trim outline to the figure. With its back turned to us is a coat of new material which is exclusive to Liberty's. This looks like chalk-white leather with a blistered surface, but is guaranteed to be absolutely waterproof

A FELT hat for shooting or real country wear must be absolutely impervious to rain. Woodrow's are guaranteed not to get out of shape, no matter how inclement the weather, and they may be obtained for as little as 29/6

THE brown Norwegian brogue shoes shown below are lined with leather and cost 58/6. The brown grained-calf brogued shoes cost 63/-, and are particularly suitable for really hard wear. Both these shoes come from the London Shoe Company

THE cut and fit of Tom Hills' shoes and boots are too well known to require further mention, but these can now be made to order from £4 10s. a pair, semi-brogues £4 15s. The Norwegian boot costs £5 made to order or 7/- less if ready made

When One Goes Out with the Guns

SCOTTS of Bond Street have a large selection of serviceable hats, from the classic pull-on felt to the very latest creased crown from Paris. Their riding hats are impeccable and their feather-trimmed felts, in a number of colours, cost only 30/-

LIBERTY'S new sports department contains an exceptionally good collection of models. Their accessories, such as the striped scarf, bag and belt shown below, which may be obtained in a number of colour combinations, are unusually smart and inexpensive

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A Medley of Memories : By A. G. Macdonell

Monsieur Michel Corday has published a terrible book, *The Paris Front* (Gollancz ; 18*s*.). It is the Diary, unexpurgated, word for word, that he kept in Paris during the years 1914—1918. Everyone who is keen about wars, as seen from the club arm-chair, everyone who thinks that war is an ennobling and grand experience, ought to have a dip into this day-to-day record of the reactions of a great capital, whose sons are in the trenches. On every page there is disillusion, and cynical observation, and tragic irony. M. Corday spares no one. The Ministers who fled to Bordeaux, the wives who drew their separation allowance and exclaimed, "Twenty-five sous and no husband! If only it will last!" the newspapers which only published stories of horror and never stories of mutual generosity among the armies ; the armament-makers who could hardly sleep at night for laughter and thoughts of profits ; the professional soldiers who despised the civilian armies and hampered deliberately the efforts of the scientists—all these, and a thousand other by-products of warfare, are scarified by his bitter pen.

He writes of corruption in high places ; of incompetence in the High Command ; and of obstruction everywhere. Sometimes the wounded lay for weeks untended, uncared-for ; sometimes the infantry attacked German barbed-wire that, officially, had been destroyed, but actually was untouched ; once three privates were shot for self-mutilation, and the post-mortems revealed that their wounds were caused by German shrapnel. But quotation is hopeless. Every page contains a damning, utterly unanswerable case against the ghastly futility of warfare.

It was the War to End War, and yet the Disarmament Conference cannot come to any agreement fifteen years after the Armistice. M. Corday's book is a more bitter indictment of Governments than any propaganda that any peace society has ever published. Our rulers may be doing their best, but it is sometimes a little difficult to believe it.

The only objection I have to the book is its quite alarming price. Surely eighteen shillings for 400 pages is a vast sum in these days of great "omnibus" volumes of a thousand pages for seven-and-six.

No sooner have I had the capital opportunity (which, unfortunately, I could not take) of slashing my colleague, Mr. Marshall's, book on cricket, than along comes the opportunity of slashing another colleague with impunity. For Mr. Gerard Fairlie has just weighed-in with one of his "shockers," and I do not propose to give him, in return, the chance to criticise my well-known "run-up" off the shank of my niblick, or that tee-shot which whizzes past the noses of the appalled caddies. Mr. Fairlie's new book, *Men for Counters* (Hodder and Stoughton ; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is on the usual lines. There is the superman, with his terrific craving for power, power at all costs ; there are the two very decent fellows who are out to thwart the superman ; there is the detective, most appropriately a keen golfer ; and there is the enchanting girl whose eyes have to be seen to be believed. It is all most improbable and most entertaining. The description of the golf match in the depths of the Brazilian jungle, in which the hero lays out his savage gaoler (who is carrying for him) with a low No. 1 iron on the knee-cap at six yards' range, is all very exciting. Mr. Fairlie is becoming one of our senior thrillers, with a full dozen rounds of achievement behind him, and each one is a par performance. I should rate Mr. Fairlie at about plus-one nowadays.

Gerard Fairlie, our Golf correspondent, who, when not on the links, writes thrillers. He is seen here supplying the demand. His latest, reviewed on this page, is entitled "Men for Counters."

No living man has refereed so many big boxing matches as Mr. Eugene Corri, and he has at long last followed up his *Thirty Years a Boxing Referee* with a new and even more fascinating book, *Fifty Years in the Ring* (Hutchinson ; 15*s*.). Every page has its thrill for those who are interested in "The Fancy," and there are very few people who are not. All the great figures pass before us in Mr. Corri's book—Peter Jackson, who fought Frank Slavin at the Sporting Club in 1892 ; Jack Johnson, the greatest defensive fighter who ever lived ; "Emperor" Tommy Burns ; the handsome, brilliant, and temperamental Billy Wells ; Carpentier ; Jimmy Wilde, the Tylorstown wizard ; Sam Langford, called the "Boston Tar-Baby" ; Dempsey, or the "Manassas Mauler" ; the intellectual Tunney, and, in Mr. Corri's opinion, the greatest of them all—"the peerless" Jim Driscoll. A few years ago a hundred thousand people lined the streets of Cardiff to watch, bareheaded, a funeral procession go slowly by. It was not a soldier or statesman or archbishop. It was just a professional pugilist—Jim Driscoll, cleanest fighter and most matchless boxer once feather-weight champion of the world.

The prize-ring has gone sadly downhill since Tunney resigned his championship. Tunney was one of the greatest of all heavy-weights, and now the title that he held, and Dempsey held, as did Johnson and Jeffries, and Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett, and John L. Sullivan, is scrambled for by graft-boosted mediocrities whose only weapon seems to be a foul blow. But the great days may come again, and the ring may be once more as it was when the great men were fighting and when Corri was the greatest of all referees.

"A Septuagenarian's Scrap-Book" (Thornton Butterworth ; 12*s*. 6*d*.) is like a whiff of old lavender, or a page out of *Cranford*, or a character of Jane Austen's, or a Wellington boot. It is a long, lively reminiscence. Sir George Arthur is sighing all the time as he writes, sighing that the arts of talking and letter-writing have been lost ; that there are no longer men of the sweeping calibre of Gladstone, and Kitchener, and Salisbury, and Curzon ; that the Court is no longer absolutely synonymous with Society ; that the King is no longer the Empire's First Diplomatist.

It is perfectly true that the rushing, hectic, poverty-stricken, nineteen-thirties cannot compare for dignity, leisure, character, hospitality, and majesty with the Edwardian period, or the Jubilee-time, when London was thronged with Kings and Emperors.

But the reason is perfectly obvious. The splendid generations which Sir George Arthur so rightly praises, did happen to have the unfortunate lapse of landing us into a fairly considerable war, and owing to that war the nineteen-thirties are undergoing their very painful worries and troubles. Youth to-day is faced with bankruptcy and chaos through no fault of its own, but because the splendid generations made a frightful hash of international affairs. It is amazingly significant of the ostrich frame of mind into which people can work themselves, that Sir George Arthur can view his seventy years without a real understanding of what the pre-war world has done for the post-war world.

But, apart from this, Sir George's book is history of a sort. It gives us another glimpse into that world that we shall not see again in our lifetime, and his comments on present-day affairs are interesting. But one cannot help wishing that he had been slightly less discreet in his attacks on certain new peerages. He mentions Sir J. B. Robinson by name, but who were the other three that he talks about ?

Going, Going . . . .

Which Indicates the Season's Ending

Wedding Reflections

Mr. Daniel Dixon and Lady Diana Wellesley in the garden at Seagry House, Clare, Lady Cowley's home, near Chippenham, where she gave a garden party for her daughter, just before her wedding. Mr. Dixon and Lady Diana Wellesley were married last week

Mr. Colin Cockburn, Miss Norah Bouchier, and Miss Diana Woodroffe at Bembridge for the three-day regatta

Right: another Bembridge photograph, of Mr. and Mrs. David Turquand-Young and Mr. Adam Turquand-Young. The Sailing Club regatta had some rough stuff in the way of weather to contend with

Bembridge "Sailors"

Fancy v. Plain at Lord's

The Hon. Lady Chichester was one of the people who "favoured" flimsy, garden-party dressing for the Eton and Harrow match, in spite of the doubtful weather

Lady Cromwell, on the other hand, looked neat and very smart in a plain spotted dress, with all-white et ceteras. She is with her husband, Lord Cromwell; before her marriage, she was Miss Freda Cripps

Music and all That . . .

"Prom" Programmes, and Ballet Again

By "Melos"

ANNOUNCEMENTS of the Promenade Concerts scheme have, like the sight of the first chrysanthemum, something depressing about them. They are harbingers of autumn. It is true that the first few weeks of the concerts usually take place in sweltering heat, so that the goldfish are envied in the nearest the Queen's Hall can get to a porphyry font, and the faces of listeners become as crimson petals. But the summer is then in its last lap and much music is about to be heard.

I am glad that Sir Henry Wood will again conduct, not only because tradition is a pleasant thing, but because—and this is much more important—Sir Henry is a very good conductor. He is, moreover, the ideal man for this job, since he is a tremendous worker and does not suffer from an erratic temperament. If he did he would be called a genius and music at the "Proms" generally, and in England in particular, would suffer.

He is a kind and amiable person; but there are two sure ways of disturbing his equanimity—one is for a total stranger to engage him in talk about musical "shop," and the other is to refer to him as "the veteran conductor." He is sixty-four, which is no great age, and he has the energy of a man of thirty.

"LES 'PROMS' DE 1933," as ballet enthusiasts would put it, are to be on the usual lines. But then the musical world *is* more usual than the ballet world and without its behind-the-scenes excitements. We do not, for instance, find Sir Henry and his leading first-fiddle getting into a pet and giving each other a nasty hard slap.

Wagner will be played on Monday nights throughout the season, and Bach and Beethoven on Friday nights without such trimmings. There are to be no all-British nights; but a generous allowance of British music in many of the international programmes. That is, I think, a wise arrangement, though no slight is intended on the work of such great men as Elgar, Bax, Vaughan Williams, and Delius (if Delius can honestly be claimed as a British composer).

Novelties to be heard are few; but they will include new works by Eugene Goossens and Delius, who has dictated an Idyll for soprano, baritone, and orchestra to his secretary and amanuensis, young Eric Fenby. We are also promised a first performance of a Honegger symphony.

WILL promenade concerts ever be given at Covent Garden instead of at the Queen's Hall, the future of which may, in a couple of years, become uncertain?

It is not improbable now, and pretty safe to prophesy, that Covent Garden will continue to stand for a long while. If the B.B.C. are to have a hand in running opera there, it will be as well for them to run their orchestral concerts there too, so that *the public will be unified*. Opera-goers will learn from the programme what concerts are in prospect, and vice versa. Thus will the Vic-Wells enthusiasm be reproduced on a larger scale.

Covent Garden, with its superb acoustic properties, could house the "Proms" very well, and, in fact, did so in our grandfathers' time.

MY suggestion last week that folk-song is by no means all that its fanatical admirers claim it to be, has brought some indignant protests. "What," I am asked, "would the local peasantry sing if it were not for folk-song?"

That is a question which shows ignorance of the musical habits of "the peasantry" anywhere. For if there is one thing that the folk do not and will not sing, it is folk-song. The ploughman who wearily plods his homeward way from the Pig and Whistle will sing, if he has enough beer on board, modern songs, excruciatingly maudlin; he will sing an ancient revue "hit" or something that came from America. But ask him to sing "The Barley Brake" or "O, Can Ye Sew Cushions?" or "Green Grow the Rashes O," or some Tudor inanity with a refrain of "With a Wack-fol-dol-deray" (ad libitum et ad nauseam), and he will stare at you in blank dismay if he does not bring a hay-rake down on your head before you can say "Cecil Sharp."

THE Savoy season closed with a swan-song which took the form of orchestral excerpts from Kurt Weil's opera, *Mahaggoney*. I heard this work in Germany, and the accent is on the "hagony"—at any rate, for those who like, in music, what is conventionally known as beautiful. Its admirers will, of course, fall back on the familiar defence that beauty is a relative term.

Weil's music has a certain vigorous abruptness which has its place in an opera meant to be either a burlesque of the American jazz idiom, or a glorification of it—I could not quite make out which. But I doubt whether we shall ever see the work as a whole in London; many expensive rehearsals would be necessary, and the chances of general support would be meagre.

THE Alhambra continues to be packed at every performance, and the extension of the season to August 11 is obviously justified. The latest novelty is *Cotillon*, by Chabrier, a French composer who is not too "advanced" and yet not of the sickly school of Massenet. This selection from some of his earlier works reveals some pleasant music, clean, melodious, eminently suited to dancing, yet with scraps of polyphony about it.

M. Balanchine has arranged for it no sort of plot—just a party of young people who are enjoying themselves in a restaurant despite the fact that no form of refreshment, either liquid or solid, is visible.

The men are dressed as Mr. Seymour Hicks used to be in *The Catch of the Season*, and are no less volatile. They leap and jump about with muscular artistry, and among the ladies Mlle. Riabouchinska, in a yellow dress, is again outstanding. Mlle. Baronova should give those spins a rest; she is far too good a dancer to devote herself almost exclusively to being a human top.

Miss Sophie Wyss, who will sing some Spanish songs by Robert Gerhardt for the first time at the forthcoming "Proms," Miss Harriet Cohen, the pianist, and Miss Vesey photographed together at Heinemann's Garden Party

JULY, 1933

21st to 31st inclusive

21st **Racing.** Liverpool, Hurst Park and Bogside (Irvine) Meetings.
Cricket. Gentlemen v. Players, Lord's.
Swimming. Highgate D.C. v. Austria. Southern Final A.S.A. School Team Championship.
Greyhound Racing. Summer Cup (Flat) Finals, Liverpool (Breck Park.)
Yachting. Bournemouth Regatta. Royal Albert Y.C.

22nd **Racing.** Hurst Park, Bogside (Irvine) & Worcester Mtngs.
Polo. Hunt Cup (Ranelagh). Junior Championship Final and Frank Hargreave's Cup, Roehampton.
Yachting. Lymington Yacht Club. Royal Northern Y.C. Handicap Regatta.
Swimming. Colchester S.C. Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Ladies' 220 yards Championship. A.S.A. Plunging Championship, Plymouth. A.S.A. Men's Long Distance Champs., London.
Cricket. Second Test Match. England v West Indies, Manchester.
Motor Cycling. Team Trials, M.C.C.
Cycling. 1-Mile National Grass Champ., Stourbridge British Legion, Stourbridge.
Greyhound Racing. Scottish Greyhound Derby (Flat), Glasgow.

24th **Racing.** Worcester and Edinburgh Meetings.
Polo. Handicap Cup, Ranelagh. Young Cup, Roehampton.
Yachting. Cowes and Royal Regattas, Isle of Wight.
Speedway. National League: Wimbledon v. Clapton.
Cricket. Royal Navy v. The Army, Lord's.
Bowls. Tournament, Brighton.

25th **Racing.** Goodwood and Edinburgh Meetings.
Cricket. Royal Navy v. The Army, Lord's.

26th **Racing.** Goodwood and Mallow Meetings.
Swimming. Clacton S.C. Gala. S.C.A.S.A. Ladies' 150 yards backstroke Sonning S.C. Gala
Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C. (Solent Classes and "Cory" Challenge Cup, Ryde.)
Shows. Royal Welsh Agricultural, Aberystwyth.
Golf. Irish Open Championship, Belfast (Malone).

27th **Racing.** Goodwood Meeting and Powerstown Park (Clonmel)
Speedway. National League. Coventry v. Belle Vue.
Cricket. Northumberland v. West Indies.
Swimming. Jersey S.C. 2nd Gala.
Yachting. Royal Thames Y.C. Regatta, Ryde.

28th **Racing.** Goodwood and Catterick Bridge Meetings.
Yachting. R.O.R.C. Channel Race.
Golf. Irish Open Championship, Belfast (Malone).
Greyhound Racing. Midland Flat Championship Semi-Finals, B'm'gham (Hall Green).

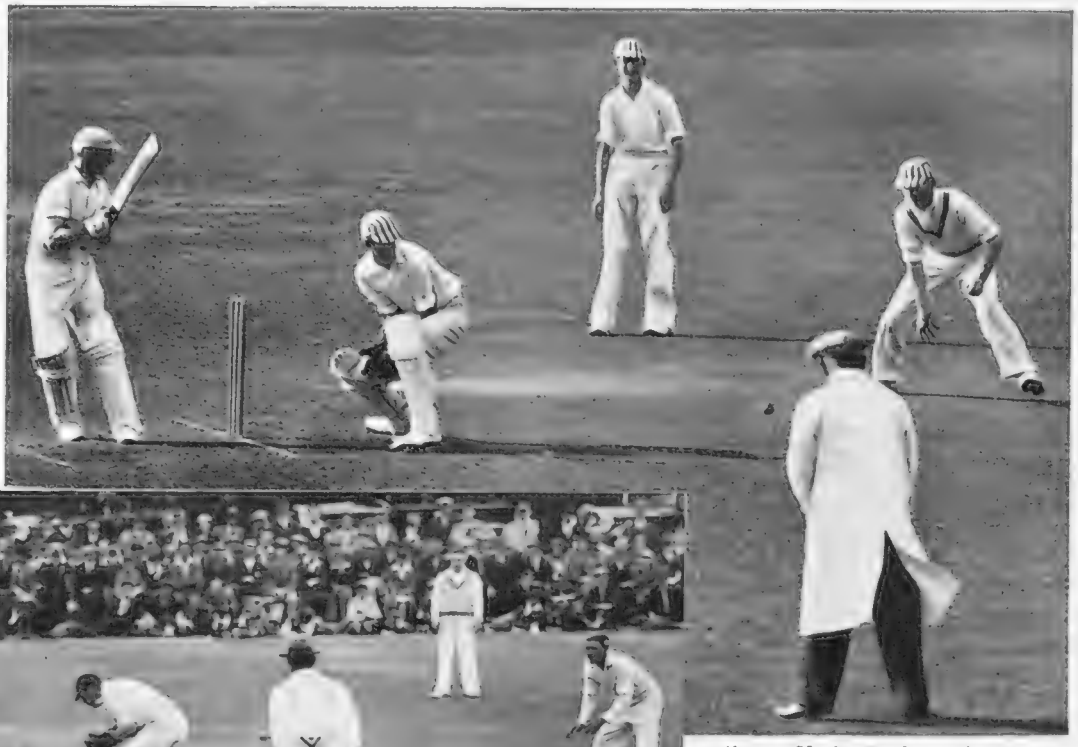
29th **Racing.** Alexandra Park, Catterick Bridge and Naas Meetings.
Polo. Handicap Cup Final, Ranelagh.
Athletics. England v. France, White City.
Speedway. Test Match, England v. Australia, Crystal Palace
Yachting. Royal Southampton Y.C. Cowes Week.
Motor Cycling Brooklands Meeting, B.M.C.R.C.

31st **Polo.** Farewell Cup, Ranelagh.
Yachting. Royal London Y.C.
Bowls. Bexhill Tournament.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Oh, that Safety First!



Below: Hardinge (Kent) puts F. R. Brown to leg in the Surrey v. Kent match at Blackheath

Above: N. S. Hotchkin, the Eton Captain, who finds Lord's very much to his liking, punishing the bowling of M. Tindall, the Harrow Captain. In the last three years his scores against Harrow are, 153, 109, 96, 88 and 12

THERE was so much sawdust scattered about on the opening day of the 'Varsity match at Lord's that the pitch and its environs looked like the floor of a butcher's shop. It was a horrid sight in the rain, and I said as much to the man who stood beside me under the shelter of the Tavern roof. "It is so," he answered dismally. "I always come up from Cornwall for this week, and this is what I get." I sympathised, whereupon he remarked. "Yes, it's annoying; but then the cricket, anyway, is not nearly as good as it used to be."

Into the abyss of gloom which thereupon gaped beneath us I need not drag you; the great names of the past were trotted out, our heads were shaken sadly, and we allowed ourselves to be drawn headlong into the momentary depression. It was, I hope, only momentary, for the 'Varsity match, despite the weather, produced a desperately exciting finish, and only the gallant resistance of F. G. H. Chalk and V. G. J. Jenkins to a fine Cambridge attack, saved Oxford from ignominious and unexpected defeat.

Still, ever since I have been pondering the words of my unknown companion in misfortune. On the whole, I think the 'Varsity match itself gave him the lie: we saw some brave cricket there, and when a side fields as Cambridge did, the spirit of the game is surely sound enough. And yet I wonder—in that strange match the rain was so disturbing, and the Cambridge leg-theory bowling so accurate that we had no chance to tell whether stroke-play at the Universities has survived the onslaught of modern theories.

THEN came the Eton and Harrow affair, and here I really began to feel uneasy. To begin with, you will discover from Wisden that of the 104 matches played between the schools, only 27 have been drawn, and 9 of those—this is the significant point—in the last twelve years. A disturbing fact, though when Harrow took five hours in which to score 237 runs, the explanation grew fairly obvious. Even the schoolboy is being trained to avoid chancing his arm to the ball on or outside the off-stump, and the seeds of safety-first and the two-eyed stance are thus implanted at the most impressionable age.

It is, to my mind, tragic to find a youngster, like Pullbrook, of Harrow, standing so square to the bowler that he might, so one eminent critic observed, have been taking up his position in French cricket. It is tragic, too, to see so brilliant a player as D. F. Walker coming straight into the Oxford side from school with all the mannerisms and methods of a first-class professional.

It would be absurd to deny Walker's effectiveness; he is possibly the most promising opening batsman either University has had since the war. His coaching at school, moreover, must have been extremely sound. My complaint is that Walker and most other young players have been too soundly coached. They have had the spirit of adventure crushed out of them, and are left with little more than the uninteresting machinery of safe stroke-production.

LET us admit that cricket is essentially a stern game, and that there is room for the Sutcliffes and the Wyatts, as well as the Constantines and the Woolleys. It is when we start modelling our youngsters on the Sutcliffes and the Wyatts and, let me add, the Jardines, that I feel apprehensive.

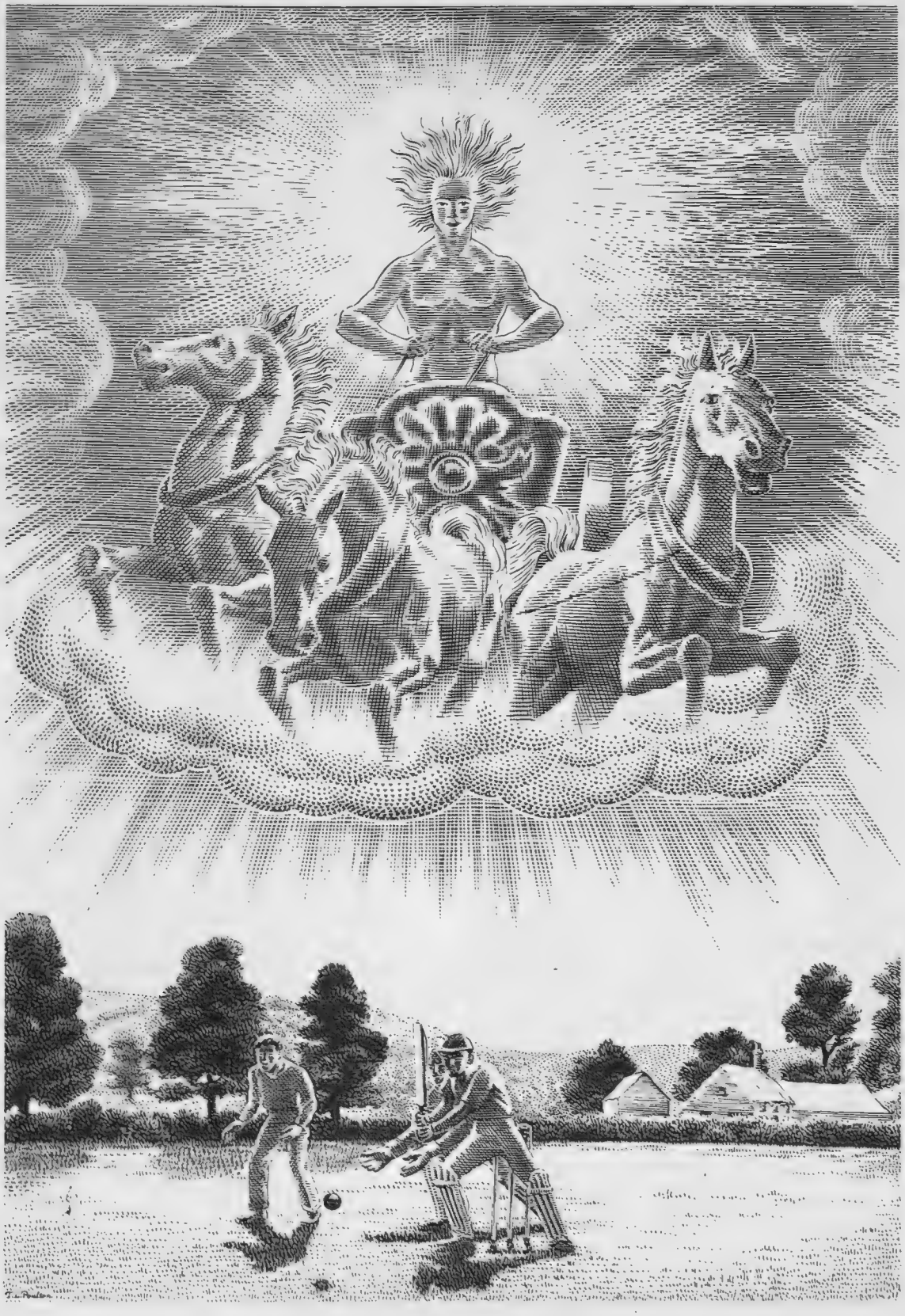
It may be that ignorance plays a large part in the popular desire to see the ball clouted all over the field, but, as so often happens, the opinion of the majority contains at least a grain of truth. Cricket may be stern and relentless, and I know that it is easier for the pavilion-critic to demonstrate with his umbrella how the bowling should be played than it is for the batsman in the middle to make the strokes. It remains an undeniable fact, nevertheless, that the batsman's job is to score runs by hitting the ball as hard and as often as he reasonably can. But does the modern batsman do his job? He does not. I shudder to think how many palpable half-volleys go unpunished during the cricket season.

We have come to expect this unadventurous apathy in first-class cricket, but when it shows its ugly head in school matches we have cause to complain. Something is wrong, we say, and we know what it is. Caution, pad-play, the two-eyed stance—that is the way of it.

AND so, by easy stages, to leg-theory bowling once more. Jahangir Khan exploited it with remarkable accuracy and considerable success against Oxford, and illustrious persons in the pavilion clucked their disapproval. County captains, we are told, have experienced a revulsion of feeling against it, and when they report to the M.C.C. at the end of the summer the Australians will be mollified, and body-line controversies will come to an amicable end. A certain fast bowler, we learn—can it be Bowes?—has been instructed by his county committee to alter his tactics and attack to an orthodox slip-field.

All this, it seems to me, shows a lamentable confusion of thought. Let us say it again—there is nothing new in leg-theory bowling as practised by Jahangir Khan, and nothing, to my mind, objectionable. Really fast leg-theory bowling, as practised by Larwood, is a different matter, but only Larwood has pace and control enough to practise it effectively. Bumping fast bowling, as exploited now and again by Bowes, is still another variety, and simply asks to be treated on its merits as bad fast bowling, for Bowes is an infinitely better and more dangerous bowler to first-class players when he keeps a length.

The upshot of the matter is that we should be well advised to think less of the machinations of the bowler, and far more of the true principles of batsmanship, particularly in the coaching of the young idea.



There are summer afternoons which you will find nowhere but in this England. The sun—high-riding above the village green. The greatest game of all—going slowly forward. And in the village inn, across the cool flagged parlour—old Johnnie Walker waiting to cheer and refresh . . . Old Johnnie Walker—what thirsty throats you have eased, what weary limbs you have restored, what cricketers' tales you have heard. May you never pass—but, with all old good things, keep going strong!

Limp work losing . . .
but who said GINGER ALE?

The man who 'knows a thing or two' will tell you there's no better drink than ginger ale, dry or sweet, with a slice of lemon — or with a dash of whisky or brandy.

– *therefore* Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Our Great Gay Roads

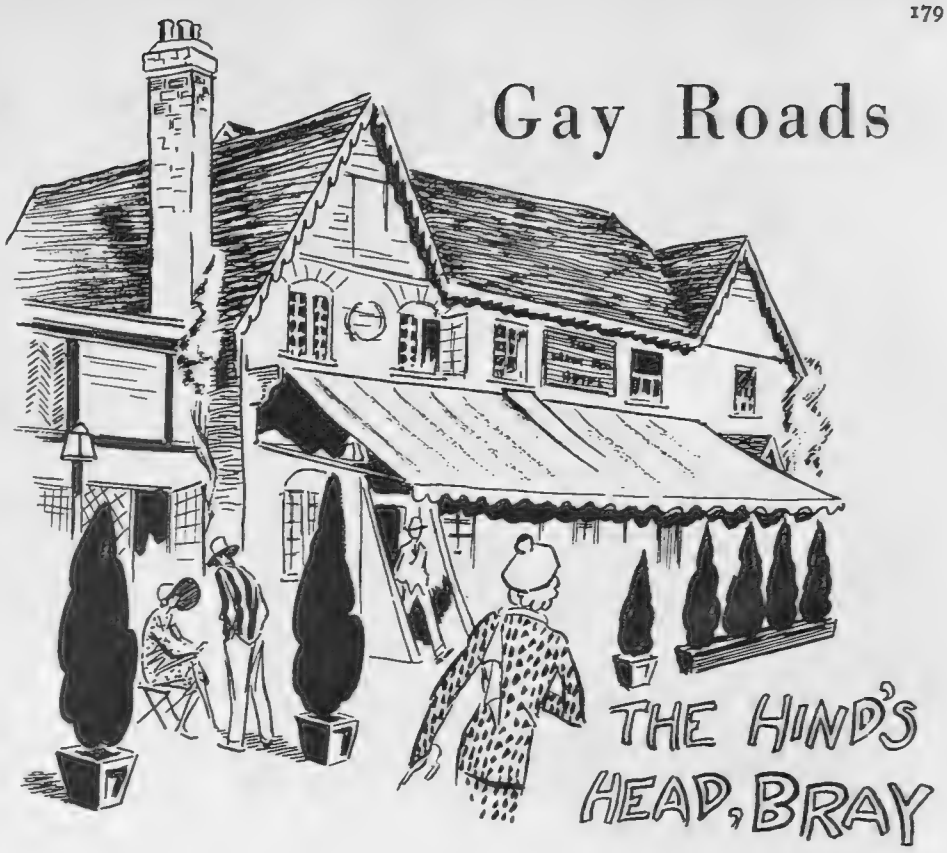
An Account of Some Famous Clubs, Hotels and Road-Houses,

as seen by

Comyns Beaumont

Illustrated by

Rouson



THOSE who say England is dull don't know where to look for adventure. London is so immense and spreading that she throws out her all-embracing arms and includes districts in the heart of the country yet easily reached by car. Among her eight millions or so there are some thousands every day and night who hanker for the cool breezes by the shaded river banks, along the divine Thames, or other streams, or in the quietude of the country, where they can get a breath of fresh air and be spared the blare of the taxi-driver or the chauffeur's supercilious Klaxon. Only quite recently I nearly suffocated in London. I rang up the well-known Mr. A. Charles, famed at the Berkeley and Savoy, and who now owns the delicious red-brick mansion, with its breezy balconies and lovely gardens on the edge of the silvery Thames, and said to him: "Charles, I am gasping for breath in London. For the sake of Mike, keep me a bed-room." Well, he did. We danced and bathed. And you can get to the Hotel de Paris at Bray within an hour by car. For a summer hotel on the river, there is nothing to surpass the Hotel de Paris, with its lushing lawns, not to forget the beautiful nymphs who contest the river with the swans, as behove the daughters of old Father Thames. Go and meet Mr. and Mrs. Charles.

"Mine Host" Barry Neame

BUT Bray is not only notable for the Hotel de Paris, for there also is the hostelry of "Mine Host" of the Hind's Head Hotel, the renowned Mr. Barry Neame. Everyone, from Royalty downwards, knows this incomparable personality of the hotel world. His fifteenth-century hotel, summer and winter, is the resort of the cognoscenti, who love its old-world atmosphere and its English cuisine de luxe. Everything at the Hind's Head is of the VERY best, and whilst it may be invidious to particularise, never miss his roast duck and green peas. Mr. Neame's cellar also is very carefully selected. He is one of the greatest connoisseurs of wines living, and a wise diner will seek his assistance for the suitable wine for the occasion. I may add that, despite his excellent wine list, the prices are very reasonable. The Hind's Head abuts on the road which leads to the Hotel de Paris, and, incidentally, to Windsor, and in the rear is the lovely church of Bray, with the winding river. On the other side of the village street, facing, tables outdoors, like a Continental restaurant, is the Annexe, with a ball-room, and bed-room suites, while beyond is a lovely garden. Rumour says that Mr. Neame intends shortly to erect a country club, with the very latest bathing-pool, squash courts, sun-bathing terraces, and other amenities among the flower-beds. N. B.—Ring him up for a table. Maidenhead 567.

Of the Hind's Head Hotel, Bray

Great Fosters, Egham

IT is not a great cry from Bray, via Windsor, to Great Fosters, at Egham. Here we strike an atmosphere of dignified and almost majestic mediæval splendour. It was once the seat of Queen Elizabeth's chief Forester, who was, in his day, more important than any mere Cabinet Minister, and probably rightly so; hence the name. Great Fosters has been the home through the centuries of many noblemen, and to-day is one of the most beautifully preserved of English homes which have survived the vicissitudes of the centuries and the ravages of politicians. There it is, ladies and gentlemen, with its panelled rooms, its tapestries, its tithe barn, where you dance to the modern dance orchestra

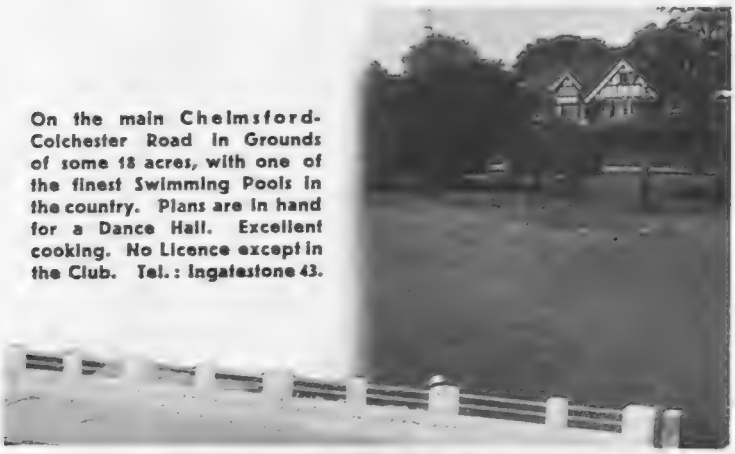
THREE *of* THE VERY BEST!!!

(Within 25 miles of London)

"THE CLOCK HOUSE," WELWYN, HERTS

Situated on the Great North Road. Was the FIRST Road-house, and celebrates its FOURTH Birthday this month. And here you can BATHE from May 1st till Sept. 30th. DANCE—Every Saturday night. GOLF — Eighteen-hole putting green. TENNIS—En-tout-cas Courts. RESTAURANT—Lunches, Teas and Dinners. Bring your own drinks as there is no licence. Tel.: Welwyn 101.

"THE CHASE," INGATESTONE, ESSEX



On the main Chelmsford-Colchester Road in Grounds of some 18 acres, with one of the finest Swimming Pools in the country. Plans are in hand for a Dance Hall. Excellent cooking. No Licence except in the Club. Tel.: Ingatestone 43.

THE WATER SPLASH! LONDON COLNEY, ST. ALBANS, HERTS

Doesn't it sound inviting! Here you can Swim, have Lunch, Tea or Dinner, and it's so near to London.
Tel.: London Colney 29.

THE SUNKEN TERRACE AT THE CHASE, INGATESTONE.

directed by Jack Allan, its bathing-pool, formerly a sunken garden, its expansive gardens, formal and otherwise, and the damosels who wait upon you in the costume of the period. It has associations with great historical personages. Queen Elizabeth really stayed there as a girl frequently, and you may see her effigy at the porch entrance. Sir Francis Drake, the illustrious filibuster, it is said, erected a sun-dial in the Moat Garden, beyond which blossoms a rose-garden enshrined by a yew wall. Anne Boleyn gives her name to a magnificent room leading off from the Great Hall. All the same, you can dine in flannels on the terrace in front of the house, play lawn tennis or midget golf, or practise archery, or ride, or just go there for tea or a cocktail. There is also a fascinating bridal suite!

The Anne Boleyn, Staines.

MENTION of Queen Elizabeth, and all the gay goo-goos of that age, takes me to the Anne Boleyn, which lies not far from Great Fosters, just round the corner on the left after crossing Staines Bridge, coming from London. The great trees in its grounds and its associations with the ill-fated Anne Boleyn support the belief that it was once a hunting lodge on the edge of old Windsor Forest. To-day it is a modernised country club, with a most modest subscription, where its members can dance or play cards amidst restful surroundings. Mrs. Val Prince, the owner, whose husband is a well-known artist and scenic painter, opened up a few months ago a new swimming-pool in the grounds, with its sun-bathing terraces and every other modern adjunct to delight the soul of the bather. The water is as clear as crystal and kept at an equable temperature. Whilst members of the Club have certain privileges, the public are welcomed, whether to bathe, or for luncheon or dinner, and the prices are very reasonable.

DR. KENNEDY

of The Chase, Ingatestone

The Hautboy and "Bloomers."

MOVING along towards the south I should mention a perfectly delightful hostelry, the Hautboy Hotel, in the old-world village of Ockham, a mile or so off the Portsmouth Road, turning left through a woodland road just before reaching The Hut, at Wisley. Here is a spot for rest and recreation, with lovely gardens, on the Countess of Lovelace's estate. The day I passed that way I saw someone snoozing in a sylvan retreat who looked uncommonly like a well-known Cabinet Minister. The dining-hall is of considerable antiquity, hung with trophies of the chase, and containing a minstrels' gallery. The price of meals is extremely moderate, and I would add that its proprietor, Mr. Adams, possesses a wonderful cellar, and even some '42 liqueur brandy, if you can

persuade him to produce it. The cheerful atmosphere of the Hautboy is very different from that of the day of the cycle boom, when Lady Harburton was refused admission to the dining-hall because she was wearing what were then called "bloomers." The incident caused much gossip at the time, and tempted Sir Owen Seaman to parody Kingsley's famous poem, "The Harbour Bar," and to allude to how "Three women went wheeling away to the west," and the fate that befell the said Lady Harburton. Still, despite the "bloomers," they did offer her sandwiches elsewhere "though the Hautboy Bar is reeking."

Bramley Grange Hotel

ANOTHER hotel, greatly attractive to many, not far from the Portsmouth Road, is Bramley Grange Hotel, three miles south of Guildford, on the main Horsham and Brighton Road, set in the midst of eighteen acres of grounds, with convenient trains. It has billiards and recreation rooms; outdoors, three lawn tennis courts, one hard court, a covered squash court, a nine-hole putting course, and the Bramley Golf Club adjoining. The hotel accommodation and that in the Annexe (called the Clock House) is practically all booked up for some time, but visitors can lunch or dine in this beautiful hotel for 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. respectively, and feel entirely at home. But, in addition to all this, the proprietors have just opened the Bramley Grange Lake and Swimming Pool, not far from the hotel grounds, which will undoubtedly bring along a large number of the discerning public if the weather is friendly. It is different from the usual bathing-pool, for it adjoins a lovely seven-acre lake, on which boating and fishing can be enjoyed; there are, too, woodland walks and absolute privacy. Visitors can obtain light meals and teas on the spot. The bathing-pool is circular, has a capacity of over 100,000 gallons, and is equipped with the most modern system of filtration and aeration. The price of admission to the swimming-pool is 2s., and at week-ends, 2s. 6d. No charge for car parking, which is a blessing.

A Country Residential Club

THOSE in search of a country residential club in the heart of the meadow-lands and hills of Sussex, will do well to look in at Holme Park Country Club, near Rotherfield, lying nearly

(*Continued on page 182*)

The Gay Adventure
Road-House

This "really nice" Road-House is different. Behind an old wall, bathed in sunshine, facing due South, are lovely lawns and gardens sloping down to the prettiest little river in Surrey.

SUMMER Bathing here is unique. You have a river, a warmed and filtered swimming-pool, both shaded by trees, and you can sun-bathe all day long if you like on the lawns at one inclusive charge.

There is dancing every night to

"The Three Musketeers" Band.

This is Mrs. Cook's (of Denman Street, W.1) Road-House, so you can imagine how really good the cooking is.

There is no licence, so please bring your own wines to have with your meals at any time.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Telephone: Esher 111 or 322.

. . . here is the way

to reach us: come along the Kingston by-pass, continue along the Portsmouth Road, until as you get into Esher you will see our Reflex Sign pointing to The Gay Adventure; turn right here, as indicated, and follow the road to Brooklands.

Ask about "The Halfway Club"—Fully Licensed and Supper Licence.

The G. A. at Esher

IT'S A GREAT SPOT!

A LOVELY Old House where they give you really good food . . . where you can dance . . . and, above all, where you can SWIM. . . . Where you can lie on the sand and get a real Continental tan.

ANNE BOLEYN HOTEL & RESTAURANT, STAINES BRIDGE.

'PHONE: 439 STAINES.

COME OFTEN TO . . .

LAUGHING WATER

WATLING STREET, COBHAM, KENT.

The Complete Modern Playground with

RESTAURANT + BOATING AND BATHING POOL

SITUATE AT

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN KENT

built on the renowned Cobham Fishponds surrounded by lovely woods.

DANCING DAILY. Until Midnight each Wednesday. Galas till 1 a.m. each Saturday.

MACKAY A. A.

THE HIND'S HEAD AT BRAY

WHEN you come upon a real Fifteenth-century Elizabethan Inn, you will know that you have arrived. This is the famous **Hind's Head Hotel, Bray-on-Thames,** Berkshire.

You may hardly believe your good luck when you see the menu. Duck and Green Peas, Boiled Chicken and Bath-chap, Gammon and Spinach, Mushrooms on Toast, Cheese Straws, Salted Almonds—these are merely a few of the dishes which you may have in due season.

Truly, here is "hospitality of quality." Your fish, for example, is cooked after your arrival; the omelette put before you is worthy of Brillat-Savarin; peaches and strawberries; country eggs and cream; home-made cakes . . . everything is of the very best, right down to the beautiful butter used for cooking.

As for drinks, here is a discreet, well-chosen cellar. There are Hocks and Moselles (vintage 1921); Clarets and Burgundies served at just the right temperature; Pimm's No. 1 Cup; and good English Ales and Cyder.

It is a wise plan to notify us by 'phone, etc., of your coming. Of course we are always ready for the unexpected guest, but those who let us know that they are coming, are able to order dishes in advance and it gives us a chance to surpass ourselves.

Tel.: Maidenhead 567.

(*Continued from page 181*)

LIVING UP TO THE NAME AT "THE WATER SPLASH"

half-way between Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne. In the midst of over sixty acres of park stands the noble mansion, which was only opened by Captain C. J. Bremner, the proprietor, in May. As a residential club it contains suites and single bed-rooms and separate bath-rooms, luxuriously furnished and decorated, overlooking the timbered, undulating park and gardens. It has all the amenities of a first-class club, with lounges, drawing-room with a dance floor, card-room, billiards, a library of over 6000 volumes, and—let me not forget—a first-class chef. The exquisite taste in its furnishing is only one aspect of Holme Park, for there are tennis courts, grass and hard, a golf course, a perfectly fascinating lake for bathing or boating, and also fishing. For resident members the subscription to the Club is nominal, the residential terms are extremely moderate in view of the facilities, and are entirely inclusive. Its members already include well-known people in the world of diplomacy and statecraft. Write to Captain Bremner, at the Club, Rotherfield, or ring up Rotherfield 115.

The Chase, Ingatestone

TALKING of country clubs, I should include The Chase, Ingatestone, Essex, on my list. If you are on the high road between Brentwood and Chelmsford, on your left on rising ground is The Chase, a handsome red-brick mansion standing in its lawns and gardens covering eighteen acres. The Chase is open to the public at large for meals and refreshments, and Dr. Kennedy, its proprietor, who instituted the road-house complex into our young lives, is building a new ball-room and annexe which will be open before long. The Club—subscription only 10s. 6d.—has its cocktail bar with games, its lounges and dining-room, and holds dances. The cuisine is first-class and very moderate in price.

The Clock, at Welwyn, on the Great North Road

A Glimpse of the Pool and Lake at Bramley Grange

There is lawn tennis, and I believe Dr. Kennedy intends to build squash courts. The Club is fully licensed. Below the lawns stands the swimming-pool, which is just off the high road and boasts a large car park. I have seen few pools to equal that of The Chase. It is 100 ft. long by 35 ft. wide, with sun-bath terraces. It is 7 ft. 6 in. deep, and its blue tiles make it a very fascinating spot. The water is carefully filtered and purified to the extent of 15,000 gallons per hour, chlorine gas being used, and all impurities are chemically extracted. A most attractive feature at The Chase bathing-pool is a sunken terrace below one side of the bath, with a number of windows, where one sees the divers appear under water and send up to the surface myriads of bubbles glistening in the sunshine or flood-light. The charge for bathing is only 1s., or 1s. 6d. at the week-end.

The Showboat, Maidenhead

THE road-houses are the new beacons along our widespread roads, which beckon us in, willy-nilly, to join in the fun. The latest and most notable addition to these is The Showboat, Maidenhead, recently opened by the Mayor of Maidenhead. It is a striking piece of architecture, seen from the main Bath Road, and with a vast car-park on the Bray road, where the entrance lies, above a number of marble steps reminiscent of a Greek temple. You bang in, so to speak, and find a most inviting bathing-pool 68 ft. by 43 ft., its deep

(*Continued on page 184*)

Holme Park Country Club, near Rotherfield, seen from the grounds. It is situated on high ground in the most beautiful part of Sussex

Great Fosters

Egham . . Surrey

(London 18 miles)

Dancing every Evening. Jack Allan & his Band.

GOLF - TENNIS - SWIMMING - RIDING
ARCHERY.

The Secretary will be pleased to forward Illustrated Brochure on application.

ENGLAND'S UNIQUE HOTEL.

Once the Home of Queen Elizabeth.

HOLME PARK COUNTRY CLUB

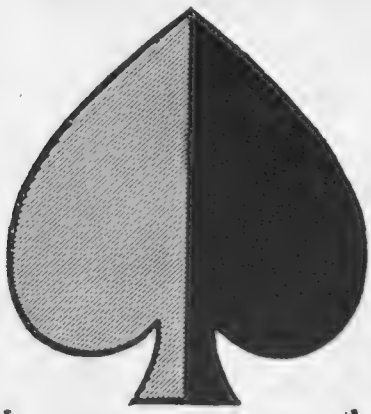
(Residential for 20 Members)

ROTHERFIELD, SUSSEX.

Mansion, standing 500 feet up in own Park of 62 acres. Complete central heating, main water, and light; hot and cold running water in all bedrooms; decorated and furnished by Harrods; Vi-beds in best rooms; garages, stabling; chef and complete staff; billiards, banking billiards, ping-pong, bridge, music, library, 9-hole golf course under construction, hard tennis court by Gazes, croquet, putting-green, archery, sporta-pool, lake 1 acre, canoeing and swimming. Qualifying adjectives expressly omitted as it is preferred that prospective members judge for themselves. Inspection invited. Membership strictly limited.

Apply Secretary. Telephone, Rotherfield, 115.

Proprietor - - - - C. J. BREMNER.



SWIMMING

Large new pool with Lounge Terraces and perfect dressing accommodation; water warmed to 75 deg.; constant filtration. Floodlit and OPEN ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT.

DANCING

In the Ace of Spades Club—"A West-End Club just out of Town"—decorated, furnished and equipped with the utmost possible consideration for your comfort, convenience and aesthetic appreciation. PERCY CHANDLER and his Band till 3 a.m. (Sats. 4 a.m.).

DINING

First-class Restaurant service, open-air if desired, available at all hours.

IF YOU FLY there is a private landing-ground for your convenience (no landing fees for visitors) whilst MOTORISTS will find ample car-parks and efficient Car Service, including petrol pumps, and workshops with skilled mechanics always on duty.

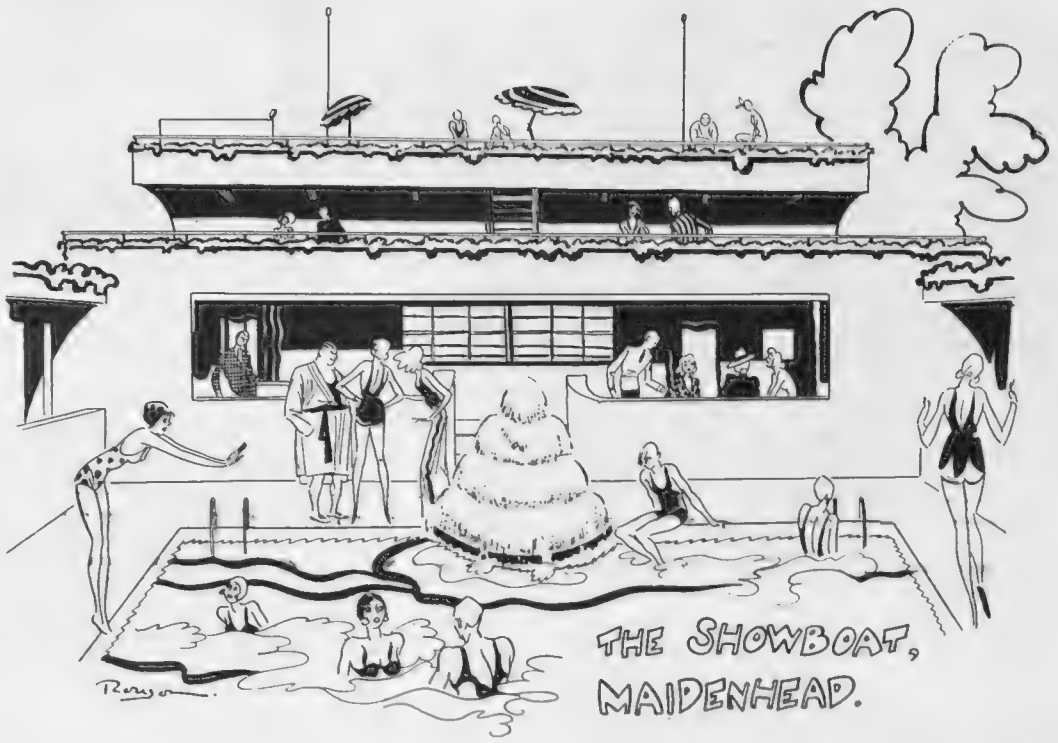
ACE OF SPADES

OPEN ALL NIGHT in all Departments

KINGSTON BY-PASS

'Phone: Elmbridge 1033/4

Also on GREAT WEST ROAD



end being 8 ft., with diving-boards, from nearly 14 ft. to the ordinary spring-board below, and shower-baths. It has cubicles for 100 bathers, and the charge is only 1s., or 1s. 6d. week-ends. Surrounding the pool and on the roof are sun-bath terraces, with comfortable chairs and coloured umbrellas. Overlooking the bath at the western end is the tea terrace, with small tables, and beyond it the restaurant, under the direction of Secchi, where Parisian lunches, dinners, and suppers are served at reasonable

prices, or one can order a simple repast. The Showboat Commanders Orchestra play the latest dance music, and the floor will accommodate 200 dancers at any time. Dancing continues at least until midnight, with special extension nights. The whole idea of The Showboat is to reproduce the features of a liner. The lighting, very modern, is suggestive of a large steamship. Attached to The Showboat is the Club (subscription, 10s. yearly), which has its own lounge, cocktail bar, dance floor, and other offices. The whole idea of The Showboat was conceived by a young Indian, Mr. D. C. Wadhwa, who has aimed at giving the public something entirely novel to please them by day and by night. It should prove an enormous success.

Laughing Water, Cobham, Kent

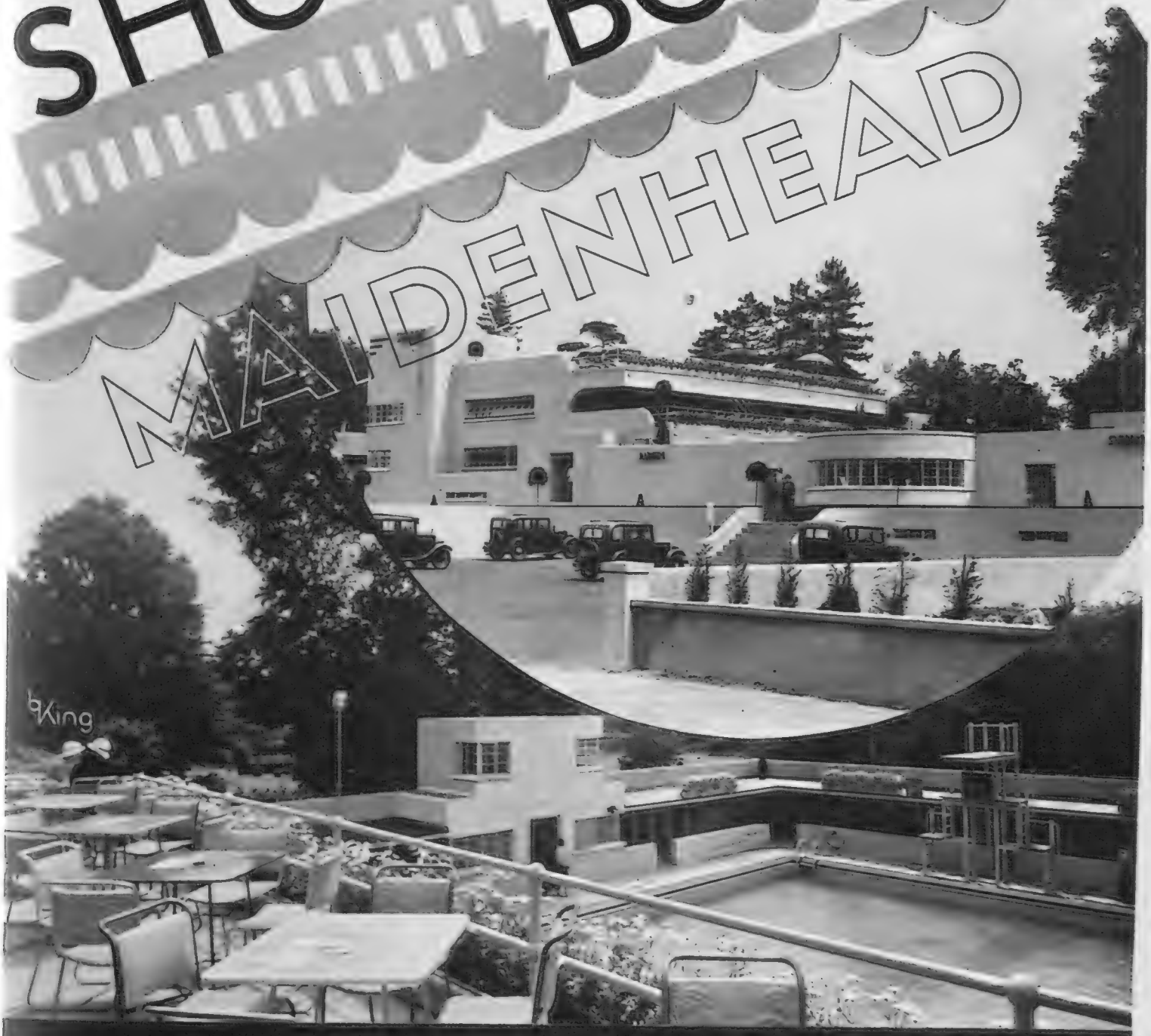
ANOTHER sort of Showboat is Laughing Water, across the other side, in Kent, at the village of Cobham, about three miles the London side of Rochester, on the main London to Margate and Ramsgate road. It is, perhaps, the most original of all the new resorts, but has only been open a few weeks. It is built as a ship's deck on piles above the famed Cobham Fishponds belonging to the Earl of Darnley, a restaurant on deck overlooking this glorious spot, with a bathing-pool railed off from the lakes, and, as a further amusement, having a number of boats and dinghies which the visitors can row about the place. The ponds are alive with fish, which fight and leap for scraps thrown from the deck, and beyond, it is said, are great hundred-year-old trout. In the restaurant, where meals are served at moderate prices, looking out over the lake and the flower-bedecked woods and paths beyond, where visitors may stroll, there is dancing daily until 1 a.m., with extension nights. At present the visitor is entitled to take his own drinks to Laughing Water, but directly it is properly known, it should become the rage of London.

The Gay Adventure, Esher

THE GAY ADVENTURE, on the road between Esher and Walton-on-Thames, can claim a longer life than the Water-Splash, for Mrs. Cook, its proprietress, opened its doors last September. It is an old mansion

(Continued on page 186)

The SHOW BOAT MAIDENHEAD



There are many roadhouses, but only one "Show-boat," and that is at Maidenhead. ● "The Show-boat" is now open. It only remains for you to come to it, to swim in its pool, dive from its boards, sunbathe on its terraces, take refreshments on its tea terraces, dine and dance in its magnificent ultra-modern ballroom. ● "The Show-boat" will be the Mecca of all those people who wish to enjoy the pleasure of happy sunlit hours and jolly evenings in pleasant, restful surroundings. ● To get to "The Show-boat" you go straight down the Great West Road, on, on, till the sign post says: Maidenhead 5 miles. Then cross over the first bridge and take the second turning on the left and there you are.

Continued from page 184.

with many oak-panelled walls, and spacious grounds stretching along the River Mole, the beauty of the scene being only marred by a shabby caravan on the opposite bank of the stream. There is a notice on the lawn about this caravan, but I will refer you to Mrs. Cook if you want to know the inside story. The Gay Adventure boasts the very latest tiled bathing-pool, with amber flood-lights, as well as the river itself; luncheons, dinners, and suppers are served on the lawns in fine weather; there is lawn tennis, there is dancing and two extensions a week. There is a club attached to the road-house, called the Half-way Club, with its own separate rooms and cocktail bar, the subscription being a guinea a year, which includes the privilege of introducing guests without extra payment. Mrs. Cook is very particular about cuisine, and I can recommend American visitors to order her "Kentucky" dinner.

The Famous Ace of Spades

Not far away from Esher is the famous Ace of Spades, the road-house and road-house club which never closes its doors. So well known is it, and so much visited, that it is almost invidious to sing its praises. However, the new swimming pool is a huge success, and the private aerodrome is now ready. Percy Chandler and his orchestra continue to attract a smart crowd to the club to dance, the week-end cabaret is always clever, and no one, in fact, can pass the inviting portals of the Ace of Spades without casting a longing look at it even if they cannot stop. It is one of those new attractions on the great motoring highways which are slowly but surely killing the old-fashioned inn, where they half resent your visit. I raise my glass to the Ace of Spades, the pioneer of the road-house movement!

The Clock, Welwyn

Last, but not least, on my list comes The Clock, at Welwyn, on the Great North Road, with its presiding genius Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband is at the Chase, Ingatestone. The Clock claims to be the pioneer of the road-houses proper, and it is very firmly established in the public estimation along that busy thoroughfare. You can obtain anything you want at The Clock; a hot dinner up to 9 p.m., with a special dinner on Saturday nights at the reasonable price of 3s.

Merry moments at the Ace of Spades Bathing Pool. This well-known road-house, with the Ace of Spades Club, on the Kingston By-Pass, is never closed night or day to the wayfarer for meals, refreshments or car repairs

A summer luncheon, consisting of cold meats, salad, roll and butter, pastry or ice-cream, coffee or lemonade, is served at 2s., and shows how moderate are the charges. I need say little about the bathing-pool at The Clock, as it is widely known, but it is perfect in every particular, the water being absolutely pure. There is a large car-park for which no charge is made. My advice is that next time you are on the North Road do not fail to stop a tick or two at The Clock.

HOTEL DE PARIS BRAY-ON-THAMES
Telephone-MAIDENHEAD 1616

Under the Personal Control of A. CHARLES, late of Savoy and Berkeley Hotels, London.

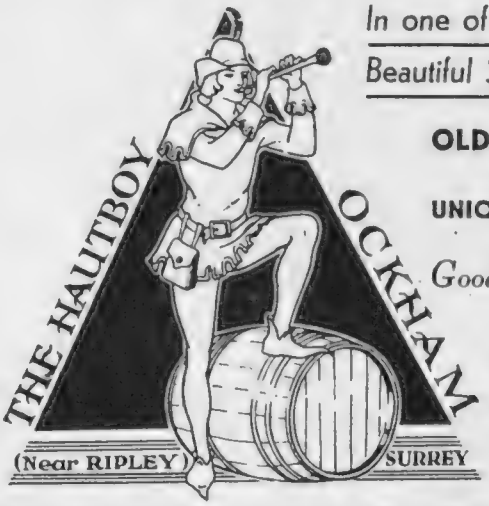
THÉ and DINNER DANSANT.
AMERICAN BAR.
LONDON DANCE BAND.

The SOCIAL CENTRE for SWIMMING BOATING FISHING HUNTING TENNIS (2 Hard Courts) GOLF, Etc.

Situate on banks of most beautiful reach of the Thames. Spacious Grounds and Lawns running to River bank

EXCELLENT FRENCH AND ENGLISH CUISINE : FULLY LICENSED.
Lock-Up Garages and Car Park. : : Private Landing and Bathing Stage.
Beautifully Furnished Suites with Private Bathroom. Special Week-End Cabarets.

Write for Tariff. *En Pension Terms for prolonged stay arranged.*



In one of the most
Beautiful Spots near London.

OLD-WORLD GARDEN

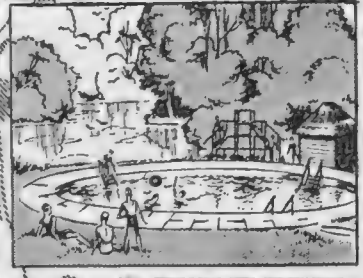
UNIQUE DINING ROOM

Good English Cooking

BEST COCKTAILS ON THE ROAD

Tel.: Ripley 20.

BATHE in a WOOD



Away from the hubbub and the high-road, away from people and hot dust to a bathing pool in the heart of a wood. To where there are seven acres of private parkland, a huge lake shadowed with trees, and beside the lake a magnificent new swimming pool. To where you can spend a secluded, lazy time bathing in the cool, fresh water, having tea, and lying in the sun on the grass or in the shade of the leaves. And yet it is only thirty miles from London.

BRAMLEY GRANGE
LAKE & SWIMMING POOL

'Phone: Bramley 195-196.

THE HOTEL MAJESTIC

Stands in its own grounds.
Overlooks Royal Bath and Pump Room
Spacious Winter Garden.
Ball Room.

All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water, central heating and telephone.
Private Suites.
Tennis Courts and Putting Greens in grounds.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED SPA HOTEL.

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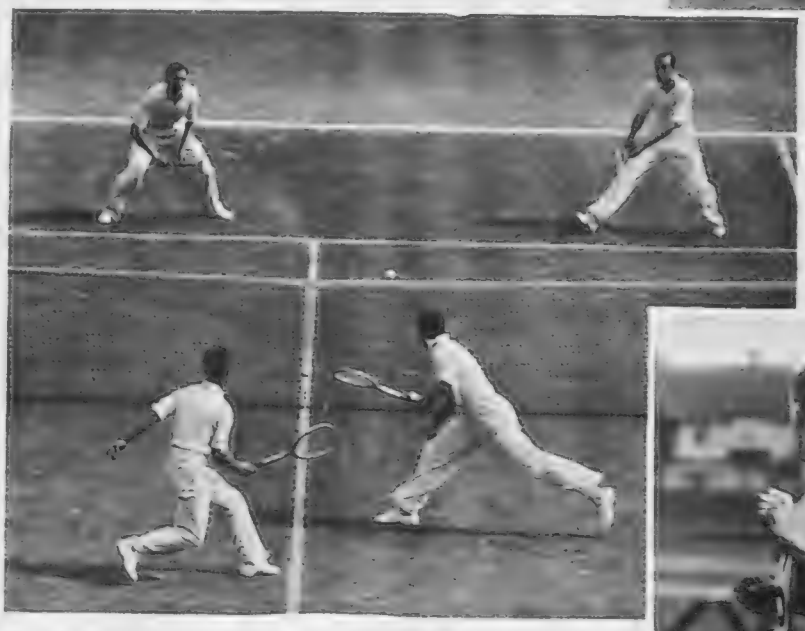
School Sports—All the Winners

The Mayor of Harrogate (Alderman John A. Whiteoak, J.P.) presenting prizes at the Oatland College (Harrogate) annual sports



W. Lister Hartley congratulating Olin Dutra, and Olin Dutra congratulating W. Lister Hartley on both accomplishing record rounds of 66 and 67 at Addington in a match when Hartley and Fred Robson were beaten by one hole by Brig.-General A. C. Critchley and Olin Dutra

A. K. Quist and D. F. Turnbull, nearer camera, in action against F. Perry and G. P. Hughes, at Wimbledon, in the Davis Cup match. Perry and Hughes won, but the position they occupy on the court as shown above appears somewhat unorthodox

L. E. Hobbs (Midland Bank), son of the famous Jack Hobbs, taking over the baton in the Midland Bank's invitation one-mile senior relay race

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

I SUPPOSE there are two things in the sporting world which are mainly interesting a great many of us just now—the Home Secretary's ban on visitors' drinks at golf clubs, and the Boxing Board of Control's ban on Jack Doyle.

First, the Home Secretary, or, rather, the law of the land, which can be interpreted so stupidly by Governmental departments.

I have no doubt that under the existing statutes the Home Office are technically correct in deciding that forty-eight hours' notice is necessary before visitors to golf clubs can be supplied with intoxicating drinks, but it is difficult to write with restraint of statutes which permit such petty restrictions upon personal liberty.

What is more, the law applies to other branches of sport. Members of visiting football and cricket teams, for example, will be unable to have drinks in the pavilion after their game unless due notice has been given, and they have individually been elected honorary members of the club. Some organisations, it is true, take the precaution of announcing their teams a week in advance, in order to comply with the law, but how many Rugby football clubs, or cricket clubs, for that matter, are certain of the final composition of their side forty-eight hours before they are due to play? And what of the players who are brought in to fill vacancies at the last moment? Is it reasonable that they should be compelled to drink barley water while their companions are taking a hard-earned mug of ale?

The whole thing is absurd and extremely irritating. If the Bristol police had warned their local golf-club simply in order to force a test case, with the ultimate object of changing the law, we should have no complaints. Unfortunately there is no immediate prospect of legislative amendments, though if there were, sporting organisations throughout the country would rally in support. This is surely an occasion for our legislators to use a little common sense.

AND now for the Boxing Board of Control's action in suspending Jack Doyle for six months, and only allowing him and his mother five pounds a week apiece during that period, out of the £3000 which he had been guaranteed for his fight with Petersen. On the face of it, this is a mighty severe sentence, but, whether it is contested or not, it seems to me that the Board have acted wisely. They have, at any rate, rammed home a lesson which boxers and promoters alike may well take to heart. However much the public may desire desperate fighting and sensational knock-outs, boxing remains boxing, a scientific pastime, and it must be conducted according to the rules. We have had too many fouls of late, in the heavy-weight class particularly, and far too much holding and clinching; if this decision of the Board improves matters, Doyle will, indirectly—very indirectly, it is true—have benefited the game.

AS for Doyle himself, if he is wise he also will benefit himself. No doubt it was galling to have comparative riches so abruptly snatched away, but six months' enforced rest will give him time to increase his knowledge and self-control. And if Brig.-General Critchley is prepared to employ him at one of his greyhound-racing establishments he should be free from financial worry. I am glad, at any rate, that General Critchley is still confident that, in Doyle, he has a world-beater, for it would be a pity if Doyle were now allowed to disappear from the ring for ever.

IN the meanwhile, Petersen deserves our sympathy. If he is really seriously hurt, as rumour has it, he will lose a good deal of money, and also the chance of winning the world's cruiser-weight title from Maxie Rosenbloom. That Petersen would beat Rosenbloom I am convinced, and I hope that rumours about his condition prove to be exaggerated. I find it hard to believe, moreover, that a man who could stand up and fight as Petersen did after he had been hit low, was seriously injured.

NOW an unavoidably belated word of congratulation to J. E. Lovelock, the New Zealand and Oxford athlete, upon breaking a world's record by running the mile in 4 min. 7 3-5 sec.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 187)

at Princeton. This was a superb performance, but I know that Lovelock will improve upon it. He says himself that he can do 4 min. 6 sec.: I believe he can do even better. I believe, indeed, that before long we shall find an athlete running under such perfect control that he will return 60 sec. dead for each quarter, and so do the mile in 4 minutes. This should not be beyond Lovelock's compass, though it sounds fantastic; but it is so largely a matter of timing, and we know that Lovelock can do the last quarter in well under the minute.

I DID not greatly enjoy the M.C.C. dinner to D. R. Jardine, at the Dorchester, last week, I must confess. There were, as Mr. John Daniell put it, too many politicians there, and the evening dragged a bit. Still, Stanley Bruce, the resident Australian Minister, put in some plain speaking about the Australian controversy, and I'm entirely in agreement with his plea for personal contact if the dispute is to be satisfactorily settled.

FINALLY, a note about Cowes, which begins on July 31st, and where we shall be watching with considerable interest the doings of Velsheda, the new Nicholson yacht, and a possible challenger for the America's Cup. This will be the first time that Velsheda has raced in her home waters, and so far, on Belfast Lough and the Clyde, she has done encouragingly well. The big cutters always form the main attraction of the Cowes Week, though the week as a whole is the best of the season, since the classes are at full strength.

Incidentally, the comparison between Shamrock and Velsheda will be illuminating. Shamrock, so far, has not been in her normal trim: she has had 3 tons of lead on her keel, and her sail area has been reduced to bring her to a lower rating. The lead is stripped now, however, and her sails increased, so that she will meet Velsheda on relatively equal terms. Anyway, whatever happens, the thought of Cowes is exceedingly agreeable, for as I write the thermometer is mounting, and another heat-wave is undoubtedly approaching us.

The Doggy World

Don't Make a Fool of Your Dog

By Lady Kitty Ritson

Mrs. Angus Leslie, Lord Ogilvy, Miss Fuller of Cortachy, Miss Cunningham Hector of Ethie Castle, and Miss Elizabeth Ogilvy of Inshewan with some Pekingese competitors at the Angus Society's First Canine Show at Cairnhill, Forfarshire

DOGS are so wonderful that there is no need to invent impossible stories about their intelligence while there are so many remarkable things that they do perform. For instance, it is ridiculous to pretend that a dog will try to return home by means of taking the right train or bus. I have never yet found a story of this description which could be verified. The very instinct which causes a dog to find the right way home on his own feet would be nullified if he were in a mechanical and civilised vehicle, such as a bus or train. Yet it is true that a dog has found his way back to his home over a distance of 450 miles; but in this particular instance the feat was performed in very wild country, utterly devoid of roads and railway tracks.

Of course, this instinct for finding his way home has nothing to do with tracking. The dog does not use his nose, for the simple reason that there is no scent to guide him; it is more in the nature of a sixth sense.

I BECOME rather annoyed over the stories of dogs which take pennies in their mouths and will only bring back the right newspaper, whatever it may be, refusing the *Times* if their master takes the *Daily Telegraph*, because, obviously, this is an invention. No instinct could teach the dog the difference, and no sense of smell could warn him that there was a difference between the two papers. I think it is possible that if one paper was always folded in a particular manner, and he were given another paper folded in a different way, he would drop the second journal; but if they were folded identically, he could not tell the difference.

As for putting aprons and paper caps on dogs, I think it is an absolute insult to their intelligence, and very often, I am sure, they feel they are being made fools of. On the other hand, it is wonderful how a dog will learn to open a door; however, that is not instinct, but an acquired knowledge.

I am willing to believe anything that anybody tells me about a dog sensing the presence of death, because I have seen uncanny and almost horrible instances of that both in the wilds and in civilisation. I saw a blood-hound streak across three fields for no apparent reason, and sit down in front of a man who had just died from heat-stroke, the while he bayed terribly and would not stop. But, in my opinion, dogs are too wonderful to be made into civilised fools.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

FIRST-AID TO THE COMPLEXION.

When Travelling by Road, Rail, or Air, or Indulging in Aquatic Sports, a Complexion Milk which Cleans and "Comforts" the Skin proves a Valuable Accessory.

A TOILET preparation which cleanses the skin, acts as a tonic to strengthen the epidermal cells, is emollient and soothing, and a good base for powder is obviously a compactum of beauty aids which renders travellers and holiday-makers immune from the assaults of the enemies—grime and dust, sunburn and windburn, the roughening and drying effect of salt water.

In the case of Larola, the famous and long-established complexion milk, I do not think that these manifold claims are exaggerated. One has only to moisten a piece of cotton-wool in the lotion and pass it over the skin to have visible proof of its cleansing properties. To carry a small bottle in one's bag is to be sure of a refreshing "clean up" on a journey. It leaves the skin feeling cool and soft, and the subsequent application of powder and whatever other cosmetic one uses, enables one to arrive at a journey's end looking fresh, immaculate, and soignée.

When used as a cleanser, it renders one independent of hard water or strange soaps, while the regular use of Larola softens and refines the surface of the skin and by strengthening the pores and cells, renders it less vulnerable to sunburn, windburn, and the effects of sea air and water.

After bathing, the face and neck should be wiped over immediately with Larola, so that the skin shall not become parched and harsh, and if there are any symptoms of painful and unsightly burning, the complexion will be soothed and restored to normal by a liberal application patted on to the affected parts. To bathe the face with this refreshing milk both before and after a day in the open air, whether one is motoring, flying, playing golf or tennis, prevents the sensitive tissues from being affected by sun and wind or extremes of heat and cold.

Incidentally, by toning up the pores of the skin, Larola is a preventative of perspiration and a deodorant, which makes it a particularly useful summertime toilet accessory. If one has become overheated playing games or sun-bathing, the milk should be patted on gently and allowed to dry; flushing and moisture will then subside and the skin be soothed and cooled.

Unlike many beauty preparations, Larola is equally useful as a hand lotion. Used after washing, it counteracts any ill-effects of hard water or soaps containing caustic alkali, and keeps the skin soft, smooth, and white. Its application to the cuticle a few minutes before manicuring softens the skin so that it can be gently pushed back without use of a sharp instrument, and its use in this connection adds to the lustre of the nails obtained by subsequent polishing.

A good complexion milk has special advantages when one is away on a holiday, as it obviates the necessity of packing and unpacking a multitude of pots and bottles, and, in the case of Larola, one's supply can be replenished without difficulty as it is stocked by chemists and vendors of toilet preparations almost all over the world.

Cars with a Personality

The S.S.1 Sports Tourer

By The Earl of Cardigan

There is no better - looking car than the open tourer, and few open tourers better-looking than the S.S.1. A good feature is the neat and flat-folding hood

Right: the rear luggage trunk serves several purposes. There is space for several small suit-cases, and for the rigid and effective set of side screens. In addition, a useful kit of tools is neatly fitted in

Above: the controls are well placed, and the gear change is a pleasant one. The essential instruments are of very large size, and thus quickly readable

Right: the back seat is exceedingly comfortable, and, thanks to deep foot-wells, provides ample knee-room. The very wide doors and low running-boards make it very easy to get in and out of

TO the majority of motorists, I suppose, the S.S. car—that interesting product of the Swallow Coachbuilding Company, in conjunction with the Standard Motor Company—is already perfectly familiar. It appears most commonly in the guise of a low-built saloon or coupé, with long, rakish lines, and paintwork of some striking hue. Incidentally, to confound those who may be disposed to make sneering reference to "eye-wash," it soon proves itself to be capable of a performance hardly less sporting than its appearance naturally suggests.

Where sports models are concerned, however, there is still quite a considerable demand for that old favourite, the open tourer. No type of car, in fine weather, is capable of giving greater pleasure to the keen motorist. No type of car, incidentally, has been more consistently improved during recent years in regard to all-weather protection.

IN appearance, the S.S.1 Tourer is well depicted in the accompanying photographs. Its attractive lines are evident enough, and a very good point is the manner in which the hood folds down perfectly flat on to the rear luggage trunk. With the seating accommodation there is no fault to be found. The front seats are comfortable, and the driving position well thought out. The back seats make good use of rather more limited space, and the deep foot-wells are a boon to the long-legged.

From the driver's point of view, the S.S. must be voted an exceedingly agreeable car to handle. It "sits down" admirably on the road; its steering, if a trifle heavy at low speeds, is extremely definite; and the brakes are both powerful and progressive in action.

Altogether, one is given a sensation of stability and responsiveness, and soon finds oneself driving with confidence and pleasure.

THE 16-h.p. engine is well up to its work, and proves itself to be very flexible, while capable of vigorous acceleration. The exhaust note is particularly pleasant, being quite quiet at low engine speeds, but possessed of a satisfactorily deep note which increases in volume as the "revs" go up. An excellent turn of speed is available, for the top-gear maximum is in the neighbourhood of 75 m.p.h.; while, with a top-gear ratio of 4.66 to 1, 60 m.p.h. represents quite a comfortable and easy pace.

The gearbox is a thoroughly pleasant one to use, and the clutch, incidentally, merits a good mark—even in these days, when all clutches are tolerably good. Third gear is a particularly nice ratio, being easy to engage, very suitable for traffic work, and productive of plenty of speed and power. It can be used from a walking pace up to 55 m.p.h.

The S.S.1, therefore, lacks none of the traditional virtues of the fast open touring car. Best of all, it is not even excessive in price. At £325, indeed, bearing in mind its looks and performance, it represents rather exceptionally good value for money.

• "BYSTANDER" • SHOOTING • SECTION

Game Prospects for 1933

By Edgar Page

Editor of "*The Gamekeeper*"

Lord Rochdale's grouse shoot over Bowes Moor. Colonel H. M. Stobart getting a high bird in Deep Gil

THE prospects for the coming grouse-shooting season are never easy to foretell; at the best, one can only give very careful consideration to influencing factors and then hope that assumptions deduced therefrom may prove true. It would be a strange winter indeed that passed without snow, frosts, winds, and rainstorms. Snow, frosts, and heavy rain were experienced during the winter of 1932-33, but with such little severity that the winter months remained open and mild all through, and the spring months of April and May gave ideal conditions for the nesting of what was a really healthy stock of birds. From May and through June and July an unusual drought made many a moorland keeper put on his thinking-cap, for a strong sun on scorched ground may be a real danger to grouse chicks; broods then have a natural tendency to move to the burns and springs and the drains may prove a trap if not closely watched.

Strong on the Wing—Grouse

From an etching by Winifred Austen, R.I., R.E.; one of many water-colours and etchings which will be seen on the walls of the Arthur Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, when the Sporting Exhibition opens in the autumn

This spring, grouse started to lay very early; the same fact applies to partridges and pheasants. Very few keepers have ever before seen partridges hatched in May, and yet this year that seems a fairly common experience in the south. Amongst my grouse reports one man states he found a grouse nest with six eggs on April 8th!

It is many years indeed since I have read or listened to such hopeful prospects for the next shooting-season. But readers must remember that in such an article as this one can only generalise: I cannot speak for individual moors. This year the eggs per grouse-nest found appear to average seven or eight. (Please note that I say "grouse-nests found." Only a very small proportion of nests on any moor is found, saving on one or two moors under very special management.) Many keepers report a 100 per cent. hatch, but the majority allow one egg per nest as a "dud." Many nests are reported to contain ten, eleven, and even twelve eggs.

The broods seen are strong on the wing even now, and the 12th, according to reports, will be anxiously, impatiently awaited by most moorland keepers.

What of disease? Well, the threat of disease is always with us, and the best preventive is powder and shot, truly directed. Seventy-five per cent. of my correspondents report "no signs": of the twenty-five per cent., one gives a bad report, very bad; but only one. The others, "some signs," "a few birds," and so on. When I come to weigh up the expectations of all, with one exception they look forward to a "very good season," "as good as last year," "moderate," "very fair indeed," "good," "good," and again "good."

A CLOSER study of the reports, with a view to ascertaining whether the moors of any particular area differ as a group from other areas, reveals the fact that the favourable outlook is general throughout the country; with one exception, there is really no variation, though one can sense a tone of less confidence amongst the Yorkshiremen as compared with that of the man of Aberdeen, Angus, and Perthshire.

The information I have of pheasants, whether wild or hand-reared, is mainly by word of mouth and casual correspondence. The evidential information from all over the country has not been collected in time for this article. However, sufficient news is in hand to judge the way affairs have proceeded so far.

Pheasants and partridge nested right early and went down on exceptionally large clutches. The hatching has been excellent. It is many years indeed since I have heard gamekeepers report such figures as they have this season. Whether the stock of partridges has been small or large, the laying and hatching has been a surprise. But we must remember the old adage: "There is many a slip," etc, and it is not surprising that, with the lively memory of recent disasters, men are speaking almost in fear of this and next month's happenings. The assumption is that birds which nested early and well, and hatched to nearly 100 per cent., must surely have given us a strong, healthy stock of game, able to weather ordinary troubles. During June I passed right through the country from north to south; this month I have been in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, the Cotswolds, and North Wiltshire. At all points I have received splendid reports of partridges and wild pheasants. This week, I have heard the first word about "dwindling coveys," but only from two sources. The prospects for the coming partridge-shooting season are very favourable at this date. We are all waiting anxiously, hoping for the best, and expecting the best. I learn from various sources that there is a marked increase in the demand for shootings, both for moors and low ground sport. I trust that such information is full of truth.

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• "BYSTANDER" • SHOOTING • SECTION

Those June Thunderstorms

By Max Baker

Retrieving Wigeon

The Labrador Ch. Bramshaw Bob, from the painting by R. Ward Binks, one of many water-colours which will be seen at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, W.1, in the Autumn, where a collection of sporting pictures and etchings will be on view

SOMEBODY once said of partridges that everything promises well up to a certain date and then something happens to dash all hopes, so postponing to another year the eternal state of the human breast. This year about as relentless a series of thunderstorms as has ever been experienced came at the critical time—not the usual date, admittedly, but one that diabolically fitted the uncommonly early arrival of the broods. The shooting-season verdict is likely to be patchy, hence one is left hoping that the good patches will outnumber the bad and that things generally will prove better than expected. Conditions were so good before the weather broke as to favour the optimist.

Those who depend on wild-reared birds, more especially the partridge, are used to these mishaps and recognise that good seasons come only every so often—unhappily, seldom rather than often. Just why the partridge nests where it does, refuses to perch in trees, and insists on taking its young where they cannot escape a drenching is one of the mysteries of Nature. Still more mysterious is that the worst possible succession of seasons seem always to leave a breeding stock sufficient to repopulate the ground when times improve.

For the person in search of sport all these tribulations carry their lesson. The partridge, as a bird apart, must be cared for in good years and bad, the reward when it comes, being fully worth the endeavour. On well-attended ground, there is always a sufficient stock to provide abundance when conditions are genial. Where neglect prevails, they cannot take advantage to the same extent.

As a stand-by, virtually resistant to conditions, is the hand-reared pheasant, a bird that passes its childhood days with a skilled foster-mother and a roofed nursery always handy, a keeper to administer remedies if disease attacks, yet ever and always a truly wild bird once it is granted liberty. The cares and troubles of its upbringing are fully recompensed by the cheques in due course received from dealers. Regarded as poultry pheasants do not pay for rent and services; these are charged to shooting, but the owner, having the ground and the staff, is just about in a position to make rearing pay its way and in the process yield a return on his other investment. In these hard times, the supply of shooters ready with their subscription has seriously diminished; in the happier days that are presumably to come, they will again be available. Meanwhile, expediency rather than logic governs the situation.

Supposing, as may well prove true, that a lot of shooters will find themselves short of sport in the coming autumn and winter, they could not do better to fill the gap than try out the virtually new sport of shooting wood-pigeons over decoys. Supplies of this very game bird are unlimited; the art of decoying is as fascinating as the actual shooting. Hitherto, it has been tackled mainly by humble pot-hunters who, for want of the needful skill and cartridge supply, take them sitting. For the future, the sporting possibilities of this splendid and destructive creature should be exploited to the full. It supplies shooting nine months out of the twelve.

A Nice Little Shoot

GOOD fishing is said to be more difficult to obtain than good shooting, and yet anybody who hunts around to find a nice piece of shooting comes up against a puzzle that supplies its own cross-words. To own land is certainly to own the shooting rights as well, but it includes a pack of trouble which few care to face merely for sport as a by-product. Thus, a square mile, with its 640 acres, though substantial as a property, is small as shoots go; also, it may be a bad shape, intersected with footpaths and dotted with the latest idea in bungalow dwellings, each with its quota of canine and feline members of household.

The best of all shoots is one already in being, of which the constructional work is complete and maintenance settled down to routine. Few are available intact; the best of those that are let piecemeal by the gun are run like a good club. The less organised type of hired shoot has infinite variety. Considering the price they fetch and the money that has to be spent, most of them are in a remarkably raw state. Leave them rough, and you will at least be saved the trouble of carrying a lot of cartridges; choose carefully and develop on sound lines: the outcome may be very satisfactory.

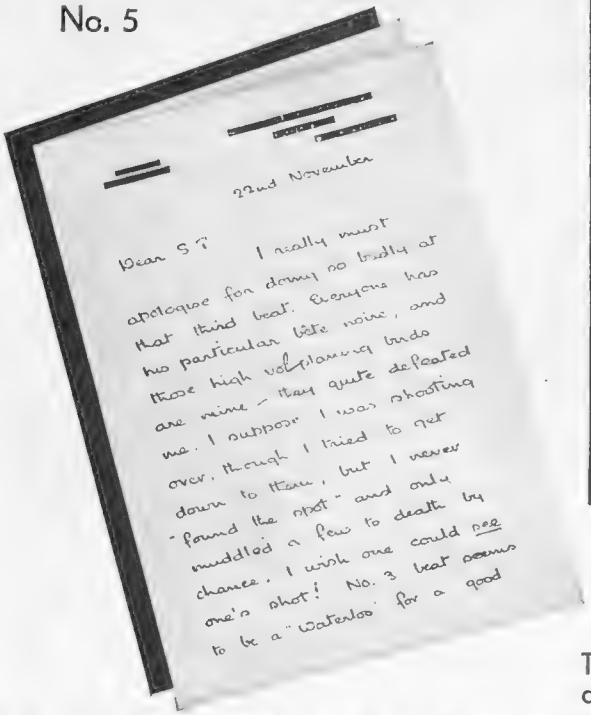
The building-up of a nice piece of shooting is a task spread over years. Bit by bit, the necessary ground is taken over, its resources developed, friendships established with occupiers and workers on the land, and so on and so forth—the reward, ten days in a season; larger areas, two days a week or three per fortnight; lively times at the start, gradually petering off as the end approaches.

MUCH land suitable for shooting is either not on the market or, if available, is subject to handicaps that discourage serious effort to bring the area into full yield. Yet ground which is not properly cultivated in a game sense produces much less than a half-crop, sometimes a quarter-crop, more often not a tenth of its possibilities. Considering the money that is waiting to be spent, the chances of getting reasonable value are curiously rare. Even so, a lot can be done by closely studying an accessible bit of country.

Rich people hire a lot of outside ground they don't really want; a good neighbour would be a greater asset. Hunts take over small shoots as a sanctuary for foxes and, incidentally, a breeding-ground for vermin. So the list might be extended, but it all points to the conclusion that shooting is difficult to get and a precious possession when secured. Outside Scotland, where it has been properly commercialised, it remains the monopoly of a comparatively select few—as a rule, persons of country upbringing and associations. The outsider who is aware of similar inclinations, with pedigree too vague to explain, must undergo some kind of apprenticeship, and there is no better training than to probe the uncertainties of trying to get hold of a nice bit of shooting. MAX BAKER

LETTERS FROM SHOOTING MEN

No. 5



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BYSTANDER SHOOTING SECTION

To Improve the Standard Charge: By Max Baker

JUDGING by results, there is great opening for improvement in cartridges as supplied. Good shooting is supposed to average one head of game bagged for every three rounds expended, an average that is helped by astonishing runs without a miss, but is justified at the finish by those other occasions when a heap of empty cases contrasts with the number of items gathered.

Clearly, an increase of velocity would be enormously helpful. Everything else has quickened in recent years. Why not the cartridge? We are told that the price to be paid in recoil more than cancels the gain, or, alternatively, that every rise of velocity must be balanced by sacrifice of valuable sixteenths of shot charge. Invention ought to be able to cope with these senseless obstacles and give us a cartridge imparting, say, a couple of thousand feet velocity to half an ounce of size 9 shot; this last to ensure no loss in the total number of pellets.

Until invention supplies the need, all tinkering with existing material seems beside the point and perfectly futile. If 33 grains is the standard charge, where is the sense in adding or deducting one, or, maybe, two grains just for the sake of a theoretical difference that produces no tangible result? The one thing certain about efforts to improve cartridge behaviour on the plus side is that recoil soon becomes a nuisance. Instruments are not needed to reveal the extra fifty or hundred feet of velocity that cost so much and yield so little. The general sense of shock, the blow on shoulder and middle finger prove ballistic energy without a doubt, but what is the cost in deteriorated pattern, rattled nerves and loss of second-barrel effectiveness?

Surely there is ample enough choice in the two recognised charges, the simple one-ounce, and the alternative sixteenth heavier, with powder unaltered. The first is smooth and easy in operation, the second about as much as anyone can manage whilst paying proper attention to the work in hand. Air, for some hidden reason, strenuously resists passage through its midst at any speed greater than sound. From sporting range, watch a man striking a blow, note the interval between seeing and hearing. Shot travels at that speed: surely that is fast enough?

Over the Oak-Tops

Another etching by Winifred Austen, R.I., R.E., which will be hung in the Greatorex Galleries in the Autumn Exhibition

PENDING the aforesaid invention, which might or might not prove a boon, you have got to be content with cartridges as made. Actually they are very good indeed, vastly superior, for instance, to the guiding skill of the shooter. Could he only know, on the occasion of a miss, for which he blames the cartridge, exactly where he sent the erring 300 or so pellets, he would strive nearer home to gain improvement.

Guns offer a much more profitable line for improvement. Just where the new very light-weight weapons stand at the moment or are likely to stand in the future, is hard to say. Shooters want something lighter and handier to suit the modern style of rapid manipulation. Makers are supplying models greatly in advance of what was available only a few years back, but they are not explicit about the loads these guns are competent to fire. Probably they are working on the right line, namely, to fit the shooter first with a gun that suits him, and to leave till later the selection of a load that is both effective and pleasant in use. The present range of proved combinations can meet any reasonable demand.

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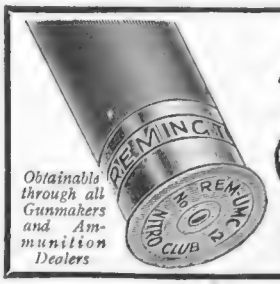

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Every Day More People Fly

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Progress by Air

THE Report on the Progress of Civil Aviation in 1932, issued recently by the Air Ministry, sets out a mass of valuable data, the figures of most interest being comparisons with the previous year's work. Passengers carried on regular routes have increased 125 per cent. In August of last year there were more than 10,000 passengers on the regular British lines and more than 100,000 people made short flights or taxi journeys. After the route to Australia is completed, the next task will be to bridge the Atlantic. At the Conference held at the beginning of this month in Newfoundland, Great Britain, Canada and the United States came to an agreement on the matter of pooling facilities. The Italian flight, carried out so magnificently under the leadership of General Balbo, has focussed public attention on the trans-Atlantic route as no previous crossing has done.

Well-known Brooklands pilots in front of a Hawker "Tomtit," several of which have been fitted with the new Wolseley engine, backed by Sir William Morris. From left to right: G. E. Lowdell, of the Brooklands School; P. E. Sayers and P. W. Bulman, test pilots for Hawker's

It is probable that a service via Greenland could be operated commercially only during fine weather until more data have been collected, but there are several alternative routes, allowing a change according to season. There is also the possibility that the line westwards would be established via the Azores and that to Europe via Newfoundland, in order to take advantage of prevailing winds.

The Indian Mail

THE first service on the through route from Calcutta carried 50,000 letters and nine passengers, arriving at Croydon punctually to time after its journey of 6500 miles in six days. Part of the trans-Indian section, which is 1500 miles in length, will be flown at night. Karachi is already equipped with a shadow-bar flood-light, and others are to follow at Jodhpur, Delhi, and Calcutta. During the past eighteen months a weekly mail between Delhi and Karachi has been carried by a Gipsy Moth belonging to the Delhi Flying Club. The Indian pilot flew altogether 1310 hours with almost complete regularity, which is a very creditable performance, considering that he had to contend with the dust-storms of the Sind Desert and the terrific rains during the monsoon.

Air News of the Month

LORD LONDONDERRY, the Secretary of State for Air, and his second daughter, Lady Margaret Stewart, have passed all tests and received their "A" Licences as private pilots. This is the first case of an Air Minister learning to fly during his term of office, though Captain Guest has learnt since and must have flown some hundreds of hours. The British Air Navigation Company has been busy with week-end taxi traffic to Le Touquet, the Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Carlisle, Lady Dufferin, Sir Hugh Seeley and Captain Coats being some of their fares.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LUNCHEON

GRAPE FRUIT IN TOMATO CUPS

WHITING AUX FINES HERBES

LAMB CUTLETS AUX PETITS POIS

FRIED POTATOES

BANANA MERINGUES

CHEESE CREAMS

CAFÉ

Grape Fruit in Tomato Cups

SKIN and scoop out some large tomatoes; fill with grape fruit pulp; garnish with lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

Whiting aux Fines Herbes

BUTTER the bottom and sides of a casserole dish, place the whiting into it with a sufficient quantity (according to the number of fish) of chopped parsley, thyme, and shallot. Moisten with a small quantity of white wine and place in the oven. When the fish are about half-cooked, turn them, and when they are quite done, thicken the sauce, adding salt and pepper to taste. Serve in the casserole dish, adding a squeeze of lemon-juice.

Lamb Cutlets aux Petits Pois

TRIM and shape some neck cutlets and broil over a clear fire, turning them frequently. When nearly cooked, season with pepper and salt, rub each side of the cutlets with chutney, put again over the fire, and broil for two minutes. Have ready some green peas well mixed with butter, and pile in an entrée dish. Stand the cutlets round these, and serve at once.

Banana Meringues

WHISK stiffly three or four whites of eggs, then stir in carefully three to four ounces of fine sifted sugar. Shape the mixture into meringues by the help of a tablespoon, dust the shapes with sugar, place them on a baking-sheet lined with paper, and bake in a cool oven till the meringues are firm and crisp and of a light fawn colour. Press in the bottom of each and place them on a tray to cool. Whip up one gill of cream. Peel two or three ripe bananas, rub them through a sieve, sweeten to taste, and add a few drops of vanilla essence, then mix with the whipped cream, and fill the meringue cases. Place each two together, and they are ready for serving.

Cheese Creams

MIX a small cream-cheese with two tablespoonsful of whipped cream, one cupful of finely chopped walnuts, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Roll into small balls and serve.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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For information and literature apply to the nearest Travel Agency or directly to the PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO (Spanish State Tourist Department) Madrid, Medicaneli 2, or Paris, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine.

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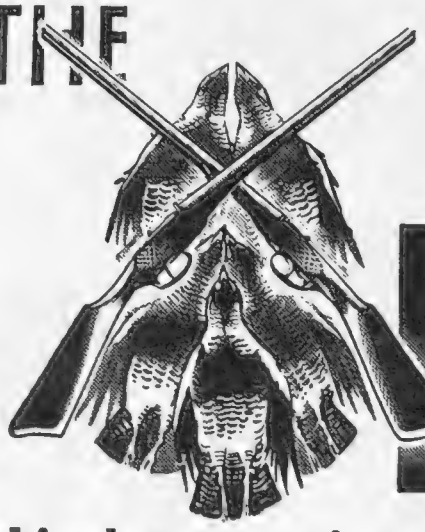

12TH

Night trains to SCOTLAND

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FROM EUSTON (LMS)

WEEKDAYS

P.M.
7.20 AB "The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness, Aberdeen.
7.30 AB Oban.
7.40 AB Stirling, Gleneagles, Dundee.
8.0 A Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry.
9.15 Glasgow (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only).
11.0 Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.

A.M.
12.35 "The Night Scot"—Dumfries, Glasgow. Kilmarnock E.

SUNDAYS.

P.M.
7.20 B Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30 B Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30 Dumfries, Stranraer, Turnberry.
9.30 Glasgow (Cent.).
11.0 Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Oban.

A.M.
12.35 "The Night Scot" — Dumfries, Glasgow, Kilmarnock E.

NOTES: **A** *Saturdays excepted.* **B** *Dining Car Euston to Crewe.*
E *First Class Sleeping Cars only to Kilmarnock*

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS AND SUNDAYS

P.M.
•7.25 R "The Highlandman." Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.
•7.40 R "The Aberdonian." Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth.
†10.25 "The Night Scotsman." Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.

P.M.
†10.35 Edinburgh, Glasgow. (North Berwick. First class only and on Friday nights only.)

A.M.
§1.5 After-Theatre Sleeping and Breakfast Car Train. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness.

• *Nightly (except Saturdays).* † *Nightly.* § *Daily (except Sunday mornings).*
R *Restaurant Car King's Cross to York.*

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WEEKDAYS.

P.M.
9.15 Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness.
9.30 Dumfries, Kilmarnock and Glasgow (St. Enoch).

SUNDAYS

P.M.
9.15 Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness.
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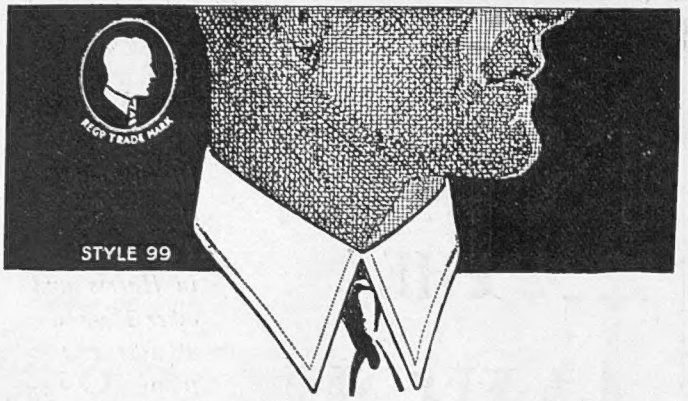

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